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August 1935

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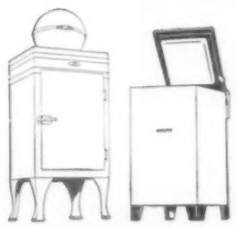

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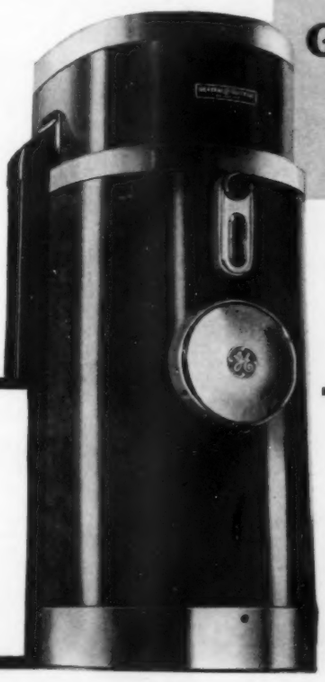

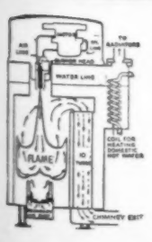

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A valuable addition to our readers' service bulletins is a new one which every prospective home builder or home owner should consult before investing one cent in his new home-owning venture. It is a most comprehensive check list of things to look for in buying or building a new home and prepared especially for American Home readers. Sent free; a 3-cent stamp *must* be enclosed for postage. Address your requests for copies to: THE AMERICAN HOME, Garden City, New York.

Dining room in "Avlon Acres," the home of Mr. and Mrs. Frank Lehman, Castleton-on-Hudson, New York

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All manuscripts submitted to our editorial offices for possible use in THE AMERICAN HOME *must be accompanied by a stamped, addressed envelope. Unless this is strictly adhered to, manuscripts which are not adapted to our use will not be returned to the sender.*

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The one thing they didn't teach him

THEY taught him everything about business except the thing he most needed to know—***how to avoid offending business men with whom he came in contact.***

Are they "not in" to you?

The No. 1 handicap in business is halitosis (bad breath). It hurts you with your associates, your employer, and the people you have to meet in the course of your work.

The insidious thing about halitosis is that you yourself never know when you have it—and anyone, yourself included, is likely to be a victim. Ninety per cent of cases, says a noted dental authority, are due to the fermentation of tiny food particles that even careful tooth brushing has failed to remove.

Don't guess about your breath. You can make sure that it is beyond reproach by simply using Listerine. Listerine halts fermentation, a major cause of odors, then gets rid of the odors themselves. The entire mouth becomes sweet, clean, fresh, and wholesome.

Get in the habit of rinsing the mouth with Listerine systematically, every morning and every night, and between times before appointments. Keep a bottle handy in home and office. Tuck it into your bag when you travel. It is a business and social asset. Lambert Pharmacal Company, St. Louis, Missouri.

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Piaget

Garden gate of Mr. Mortimer Burroughs, St. Louis, Mo.

"Here is all I've counted splendid"

Beatrice Plumb

For thirty years Eddie Guest has found nothing more important to sing about than home and family, friends and a garden. He has never changed his tune to suit the times. When all the world was debunking, he went serenely on, singing his homely songs, extolling the scoffed-at virtues, caroling the old faith, untouched by the ironic barb of the ultra-modern, the amused disdain of the intellectual, the academic wrangle as to whether he were a second Riley or a mere jingler. A few things really mattered, as Guest saw it. A home was one. And he said so in plain old-fashioned verse

Write it down that here I labored,
Here I sang and laughed and neighbored;
Here's the sum of all my story,
Here's my fortune and my glory;
These four walls and friendly door
Mark the goal I struggled for.
Never mind its present worth,
Here's one hundred feet of earth
Where the passer-by can see
Every dream which came to me.

Write it down: my life uncloses
Here among these budding roses;
In this patch of lawn I've tended,
Here is all I've counted splendid;
Here's the goal that's held me true
To the tasks I've had to do.
Here for all the world to scan
Is my secret thought and plan;
Through the long years gone before,
This is what I struggled for.

Write it down, when I have perished:
Here is everything I've cherished;
That these walls should glow with beauty
Spurred my lagging soul to duty;
That there should be gladness here
Kept me toiling, year by year.
Here in phlox and marigold
Is my every purpose told;
Every thought and every act
Were to keep this home intact.

—Edgar A. Guest

WHEN all the country took to the pursuit of happiness as one of the fundamentals of American life—didn't the Constitution say so?—and mistook jazz for joy, Eddie still went serenely on writing about the American home as it used to be before it was just a place to hang your hat, or a dull hole from which to go places and see things.

And even when our Sweet Land of Liberty went on its final jag, and grew hilariously hiccupy, the family table was still to Eddie the place at which to ask a blessing, never the place to drink yourself under. He still thought in terms of cooky jars instead of gin fizzes.

Then when the spree ended in the inevitable hangover, and we emerged from the sobering shower of the depression to find the Sweet Land had gone sour on us, slowly it became evident that not everything had cracked up. For from the ruins everywhere we saw rising the old die-hard American decency, of which Edgar Guest was still the veritable prophet.

When thousands of American families of reduced resources deserted the bright lights for their own firesides, they found Eddie still there. As they gathered, a bit sheepishly, around the family radio—as in other days an older generation had gathered around the parlor piano—and a dazed, punch-drunk Dad dialed the Household Hour of Musical Memories, they heard Eddie's friendly voice, casual as though it came from the old porch rocker, saying:

"It takes a heap o' livin' in a house t' make it home,
A heap o' sun and shadder——"

No oratory. No elocution. Just as folksy and homespun and free-of-frills as the man himself. At first, the absence of showmanship—or bunk, blah, baloney, hocum, whatever you call it—would be a little disconcerting. But after the first shock, it would be oddly restful and refreshing, easy as an old shoe. And before you knew it, another prodigal family had come back to its own fireside!

Edgar A. Guest has won his laurels as Poet Laureate of the American home. Thirty years is a long time to be the courageous exponent of so unsung an institution. All that time, and longer, he has been with the Detroit *Free Press*—and a passion for home is not a marked trait of the average newspaper man!

"A home-body!" marveled a cub reporter at a recent banquet . . . "Eddie, how'd you get that way?" Eddie pondered the question. Then he shook his head. "I dunno," he grinned. "I guess I was always that way!"

Perhaps the reason goes back to the time when he was a little fellow, trudging the hills of England—that "domestic country where the home is revered and the health sacred." Home was a vital subject in those days; for his tall, eager dad and his little, wistful mother were leaving it before they lost it. Leaving it for a wonderful land called America, where everyone had enough.

The *old* home . . . the *new* home. Nine-year-old Eddie heard of little else. Envious neighbors came in to talk about it.

"There's no want in America," Eddie's father told them. "It's the greatest country on earth, the land of peace and plenty. If only a man's a worker, he can go clean to the top. He can build a beautiful home for his family . . . give his boys a college education——"

The Guest family arrived in America in 1891. They had barely settled in Detroit before the panic of 1892 swept the land, prostrating industry, bringing widespread want. Eddie's father, a bookkeeper, lost his position, and was out of work for years. Little Eddie got a job running errands for grocer and butcher. Somehow or other they eked out a

bare living, but it was a bitter struggle.

That's when Eddie began to learn how peace and joy could be found within four humble walls, if love is there. For every night the family gathered for one precious hour before bedtime. Tired young Eddie and his brothers and sisters, his worn dad, still cheery, still declaring that America was the greatest country on earth, and his pretty, worried little mother.

There were books they had brought from the Old Country, and from these she read them poems . . . "The Fireside Hour," she called it. If dad's dreams of peace and plenty were just dreams, then, at least, she could give them one pleasant hour a day of peace and poetry.

Such little things shape a life, a career. Even as late as three years ago, it was the memory of this hour that finally induced Guest to give a weekly radio broadcast.

He hated the idea. To leave his lovely home and family in Detroit, his golf and garden, his dog and favorite desk, and become the world's greatest commuter! To board a train every blue Monday and make a two-hundred-mile trip to Chicago! Then, after his broadcast, dash off to catch a train back, and do another two hundred miles before he could see his home and family again. Not on the mike's sweet life! His job was to write verse, not read it. The answer was "No."

Finally the radio people persuaded Guest to hear himself on the air. They invited him to Chicago for a special audition. After a trial program, which was produced for his ears alone, he gave in and signed a contract.

Ah, they'd persuaded him! *They* had? Sitting there in that great Chicago studio, Guest, the national figure, by some queer quirk of memory, became the rapt little lad sitting in that first fond American home listening to his mother read poems. *Her Fireside Hour!* In memory of her . . . of the peace and poetry of that hearth!

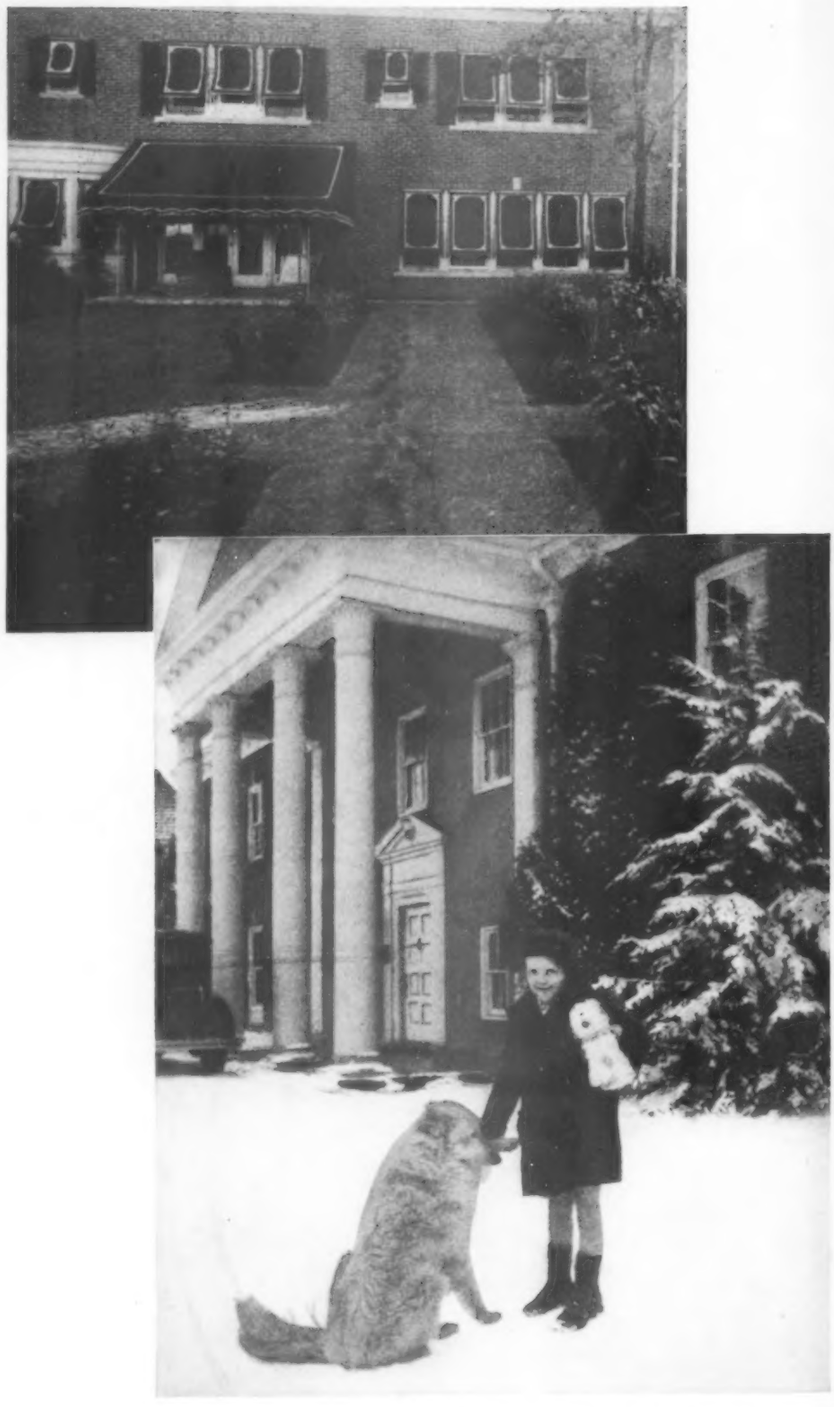
Every Mother's Day for many years Eddie has occupied the pulpit of one of Detroit's great downtown churches, in memory of that same little English mother, who had so wanted him to be a minister!

But back to Eddie, the boy. Be it a depression of now or a panic of then, it means grim days, when homes are lost unless something is done about it. The Guest family fought to keep from losing theirs. Dad's jet black hair turned white in the struggle, but he battled on. There was no work for an experienced accountant, but odd jobs for a schoolboy.

So Eddie worked evenings and Saturdays at the corner drug store. Skinny, wiry, keen, willing, he dashed around serving customers with cigars, candy, chocolate, sodas. It was such a lark! He grinned, and they grinned. Even as a youngster, Eddie liked folks, and folks liked Eddie. He made friends of the customers. It was there behind the soda counter, he first learned the worth of a friend.

There was one of the regular customers the boy liked a lot. He was a bookkeeper, the same as Eddie's dad, only this fellow had a grand job in the accounting department of the *Free Press*. Right away Eddie was fired with ambition to be a newspaper man. His drug-store friend helped him, and at fourteen Eddie was on the paper's payroll. That was forty years ago, and he's still there.

Two restive years in the bookkeeping department—he still can't count his bridge hands!—then upstairs to the longed-for press room. That year his dad died, and the little



. . . and finally found a noble residence, over which the air swept, clean and sweet, great porches of sunny spaciousness . . . so into the lovely home they now occupy, the Guest family moved, and here Janet, now a laughing, lively little girl of twelve, was born

home, with its hollyhocks, clothesline, and all, was now more than ever Eddie's concern.

He set the scuffed toe of his shabby shoe on the bottom rung of the ladder, and began his climb up from cub reporter to columnist. The question of choice between home and career never bothered Eddie. He had both by simply never closing the door between the two.

He was still a reporter when, at twenty-five, he began to plan a home of his own. He had met the girl for the first time at the home wedding of a friend, where she was the pretty Canadian bridesmaid, he the best man. It was love at first sight with him. So that when she caught the bride's bouquet, and they teased her that she would be a bride, herself, within a year, Eddie wondered why he need wait so long as that. Nor did he. For in two months' time, after a whirlwind courtship she was his bride!

Shades of his British forbears! Of slow English relatives who believed in long engagements! But then, that little English boy who strolled the hills of Birmingham was now an American by law as well as nature, for, a few years back at twenty-one, he had sworn allegiance to the Stars and Stripes, and therefore had the national right to be a hustler and a go-getter, be it girl or column for his paper that he wanted.

Eddie has told in rhyme two versions of that momentous meeting, his and hers. He

tells how he couldn't take his eyes off her. He had no idea that so lovely a creature existed. She confides that she noticed that he was "thin and short and nervous, and his dress suit didn't fit," and she recalls that she didn't like his collar or the way he combed his hair, and especially "the vulgar way he stared." Still, she admits, there was something about him, and when the wedding party was dispersing and he asked if he might call the next Sunday, she said "Yes."

Oh, that first little flat of their dreams! Never, declares Eddie, can it be equaled! He had less than five hundred dollars to spend on it, and he was earning only twenty-eight dollars a week, so that many an evening the newlyweds sat and figured far into the night on how to make both ends meet. . . . But, oh, that grand new furniture—their very own as soon as the last instalment was paid!

The mahogany settee, upholstered in green plush, the beveled glass dresser, the oak dining table! He talks of them now with a sigh and a twinkle—and affectionate laughter tinged with longing. 'Tis true, he admits, there are tables in their present home costing far more than the entire furnishings of that new little flat, but none can compare with the utter magnificence of their first golden oak table!

A radiant year flew by, then suddenly, it was closer, more anxious figuring. Two young heads were bent longer hours over ever-growing columns of figures. For a baby was coming, and nothing in the bank to meet this additional expense! And there was that nagging little extra debt of twenty dollars, that loomed as big as a thousand——

Young Eddie went forth to battle for the little home, now doubly dear. He *must* find a way to earn more money. And that day a wonderful, unbelievable thing happened! Into his office strolled an actor, billed at a local theater. He wanted two lyrics for songs, and he wondered if Eddie could write them. What's more, he handed the excited young man twenty-five dollars to bind the bargain. Oh, blessed day! Blessed dollars to wipe out that pestiferous little debt! Blessed birth of a new idea! Maybe he could pay for the baby by writing evenings.

So while his Nellie stitched on baby clothes, he worked on a one-act skit. When it was finished he sent it to a popular actor appearing that week at a Detroit theater. Three days later he received word that the actor wished to see him. Hardly daring to hope, Eddie went back stage.

"It's a dandy," said the actor. "I can't afford to give you what it's worth——"

Eddie's heart sank. The old stall!

"But how about $250?"

Two . . . hundred . . . and . . . fifty . . . dollars! A fortune! Dropped from the blue! Enough to finance the baby, to pay the last instalment on the furniture. Money in the bank at last! Gleefully Eddie rushed home to write a poem about it.

Soon he was writing poems for his own column. For years it had been the dream of his heart to have one. At the exchange desk he had clipped enough work from other columns to know just what he wanted to put in his. And now he had his chance.

He called his column "Blue Monday," and started it off each week with a "home rhyme." And it was in this simple verse that he showed his particular kind of genius for glorifying the commonplace. He sang of his home, his wife, little domestic doings; of counting his wealth in friends and good neighbors; of finding God in his garden. Not great poems, heavy with profound thought or deep with abstruse utterances, just simple rhymes touched with that divine thing we all know as humanness.

When his wife did up the pickles, he wrote about it in easy, lilting verse. When she made a raisin pie, fell an unsuspicious prey to the glib tongue of "the wily linen man from Syria," moved the oleander out in the spring, or was panicky without him when it thundered, Eddie told it all in gently joshing verse that was most entertaining.

Soon folks, far and wide, began looking forward to "Blue Monday," and his poems were being copied by magazines and newspapers throughout the land. Then the weekly column became a daily "Breakfast Table Chat," and Fame was already glancing his way. But Eddie was too absorbed to notice. He was busily reporting in verse a grand piece of news to the country at large:

"One big deed swept all else away,
The baby took a step today."

Then came a day of which old Detroiters still cannot speak without a catch in their voices. The day when there was a little wisp of white crêpe on Guest's door. The shock of it stunned the city. Eddie's baby! Waving a merry farewell to him in the morning . . . dead before midnight.

Women who knew Eddie only through his column wept on their own doorsteps, in street cars. Fathers in office and factory, American and foreign born, high and low, rich and poor, mourned with him. He found he had a thousand friends. People he barely knew by name came, offering help. He never forgot that. His friends! [*Please turn to page 229*]

HOME

It takes a heap o' livin' in a house t' make it home,
A heap o' sun an' shadder, an' ye sometimes have t' roam
Afore ye really 'preciate the things ye lef' behind,
An' hunger fer 'em somehow, with 'em allus on yer mind.
It don't make any differunce how rich ye get t' be,
How much yer chairs an' tables cost, how great yer luxury;
It ain't home t' ye, though it be the palace of a king,
Until somehow yer soul is sort o' wrapped round everything.

Home ain't a place that gold can buy or get up in a minute;
Afore it's home there's got t' be a heap o' livin' in it;
Within the walls there's got t' be some babies born, and then
Right there ye've got to bring 'em up t' women good, an' men;
And gradjerly, as time goes on, ye find ye wouldn't part
With anything they ever used—they've grown into yer heart:
The old highchairs, the playthings, too, the little shoes they wore
Ye hoard; an' if ye could, ye'd keep the thumb-marks on the door.

Ye've got t' weep t' make it home, ye've got t' sit an' sigh
An' watch beside a loved one's bed, an' know that Death is nigh;
An' in the stillness o' the night t' see Death's angel come,
An' close the eyes o' her that smiled, an' leave her sweet voice dumb.
Fer these are scenes that grip the heart, an' when yer tears are dried,
Ye find the home is dearer than it was, an' sanctified;
An' tuggin' at ye always are the pleasant memories
O' her that was an' is no more—ye can't escape from these.

Ye've got t' sing an' dance fer years, ye've got t' romp an' play,
An' learn t' love the things ye have by usin' 'em each day;
Even the roses 'round the porch must blossom year by year
Afore they 'come a part o' ye, suggestin' someone dear
Who used t' love 'em long ago, an' trained 'em jes' t' run
The way they do, so's they would get the early mornin' sun;
Ye've got t' love each brick an' stone from cellar up to dome:
It takes a heap o' livin' in a house t' make it home.

I sometimes get weary of people, and weary of being polite;
I sometimes grow tired of the dull man, and sometimes am bored by the bright.
And then when my nerves are a-tingle I walk in the yard that is ours,
And I thank the good Lord for the comfort of songbirds and blue skies and flowers.

All poems used in this article are from "Collected Verse of Edgar A. Guest," and are here reprinted by special permission of Mr. Guest's publishers, Reilly & Lee Co., Chicago, by whom they are copyrighted

Demarest

— but have you tried PRESSED GLASS?

Vivian Richardson

WHENEVER I hear a woman complain that she simply cannot get any charm or "differentness" into her home, no matter how she tries, I want to stand right up in meeting, as 'twere, and shout, "But have you tried old pressed glass?" The answer is bound to be "no." If she had tried it, she would not be complaining. And so I want to go on shouting. "You must! Don't you know that women all over the country are discovering the enchanting decorative possibilities of this historical, colorful, early American glass? And they are gathering it, not as collectors to keep behind cabinet doors but to use about their homes in order to make their homes more atractive." I want to say, with a proud gleam in my eye, "Goodness, you should have seen my north apartment, with its characterless cream-colored walls, before I put a glowing, cranberry-red pitcher, plump and cheerful, on my table, and a sunglow lamp by the divan, and ivy in an amber sugar bowl!"

Of course, in honesty I must add that my modest "house" isn't much to look at yet, but it is growing day by day. The row of old blue on the bookcases, the scintillating fire of the small compote for candies on the coffee table, the gentle amethyst of the old lamp—why, the colors defy that cold north light, and they cheer even on the darkest day.

There's something so homey about old pressed glass; it takes a house straight to its heart. Used at table, it stimulates conversation. Who wouldn't exclaim over cream poured from a three-faced creamer, with the solemn frosted visages upon the stem! Or a salad served in glass leaves, delicately patterned? Or clam chowder served in individual, pert hen dishes, covered, of opaque blue? Or potato chips in an amber three-panel bowl? Moreover, the enchanting colors of grandmother's old dishes not duplicated in modern ware are often the exact fiery notes needed to breathe tingling life into a nondescript or dull laggard of a room.

For today, grandmother's dishes come out of the dining room where they began life, and go all about the house. Milk glass hands, that cunning cupped pair, receive cards on foyer tables. Old square decanters, demurely shy of stoppers long lost, turn agreeably into study lamps. Compotes, those tall joys in many patterns and sizes in which grandmother sent preserves to the table, have many new uses. I know a pair in brilliant, thickish, moon and

Above—suggestion for a table in ruby-red and snow-white. The milk glass is combined with ruby thumbprint and a bowl of anemones. Hot foods go in the hand and dove covered dishes. The hats are for cigarettes, and the shells for olives or nuts. Glass and table from Julia E. Kuttner. At right—chili con carne for one: blue sawtooth pressed glass, red mats, and a saucy rooster of milk glass. The rooster's plate is old pewter, the cracker dish is a butter bowl, bread sticks go in an ex-spoonholder, and a mustard jar turns into a sugar bowl. Green pepper and crimson grapes upon a majolica leaf. Mats from B. Altman & Co.; glass and pewter from Julia E. Kuttner

star pattern which live on a mahogany chest in a hallway. There, sometimes empty, sometimes with one huge red dahlia floating in each, they gladden the eye. The walls are blue, so the compotes' accompanying card tray is a blue glass fan—one of those many conceits of the Turkish corner era which was lifted to new dignity.

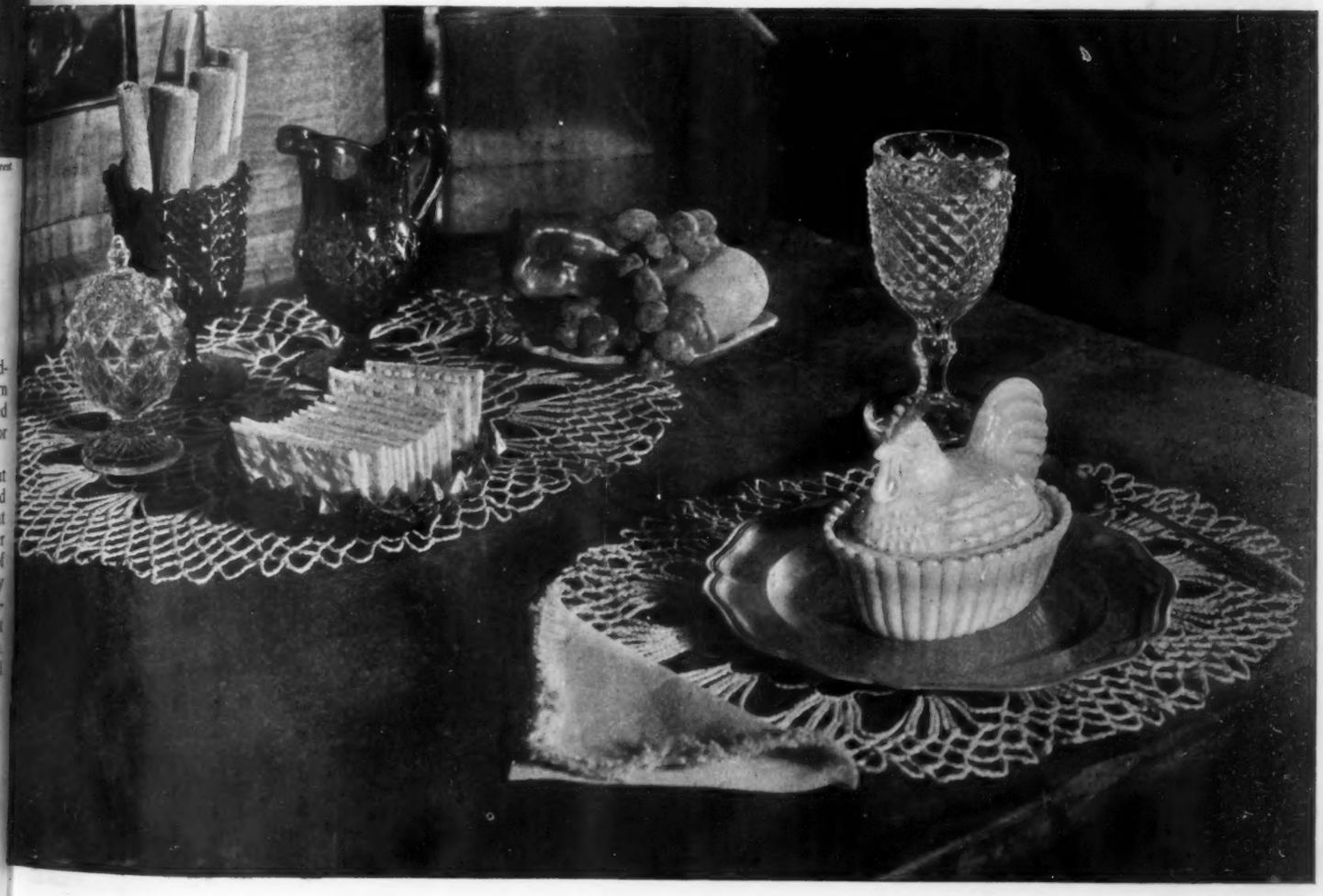
A single handsome compote is centered on a dining table in its off hours. At dinner, filled with short-stemmed flowers or an arrangement of fruit, it can be a centerpiece to glow over. One woman fills her apple-green compote, thousand eye pattern, with lime-green glass grapes tumbling over an old green witch ball. She flanks this centerpiece with four swirly-stemmed pressed glass candlesticks holding green candles, and sets the whole upon a green mirror base.

Again, compotes hold crackers for the buffet supper, and if your sugar and creamer and a covered dish or two match, so much the better. Or they become the sideboard. Of course, for use outside the dining room, choose patterns less suggestive of their original use. The Rebecca at the Well pair with their frosted ribbon bowls, could go in a foyer. And there are small covered ones which turn into candy jars: Let a Westward Ho Indian guard your sweets! The clear glass ones are delightful full of hard candies.

Jelly stands, graceful, stemmed, are used nowadays for fruit cocktail or for desserts. Old open salts make excellent ash trays, and never hint at their earlier utility. And if you don't keep a whatnot, but have longed to succumb to the charm of the colorful Victorian knick-knacks such as hats and canoes, here are excuses for giving in: Use them as nut bowls. Or turn a hat or canoe into a sugar container to match that creamer whose sugar partner you have been unable to find. Glass shoes hold cigarettes. There's one smoothly shining big shoe in unpatterned clear glass which will hold violets as to the purpose born.

Celery vases are no end of fun. No one nowadays wants celery coming to the table upright like a bouquet, so these unique containers, some footed, some not, assemble in pairs for mantels. Indeed, they "go" almost anywhere. Colored ones are handsomer placed where the light is good, and all hold larkspur, freesia, or tulips nicely. The cozier patterns want a garden bouquet. I've a Chromium Friend—so-called because she's ve-ree, ve-ree modern, and her house is all metal tubing and chairs upholstered in yellow leather. And I so wish you could see her pair of celery vases in frosted hobnail, with fluted mouths in light amber, which adorn her living-room table, one on either side of a brass bowl. Then you would believe that old

All old blue, deep and glowing against the mellow yellow old pine coffee table. The proud turkey holds candies, the kettle is for matches, and there are cigarettes in the quaint old shoe. All pieces from Julia E. Kuttner



The "dining room" side of a one-room apartment: Here's my fat, cranberry-red pitcher with opalescent blue dots. The frilled mouth holds the roses in place. The hobnail cordial cups once were well-known jelly bean measures in a general store. They are assembled here with an old vinegar cruet, turned into a cordial jug. The cups and jug are from The Glory Hole

Below, a decanter set in shining sawtooth pattern which was assembled piece by piece. The glasses began life as sturdy egg cups. They gleamed so prettily upon the polished wood of the birdcage table with its protecting rim that we dispensed with a tray. Julia E. Kuttner

pressed glass mixes with the most modern of furniture as well as the old, and gives something to each! Another thing—I never quite knew how to serve bread sticks until I tried letting a celery vase hold them.

For the study, library or man's room, old square decanters make sturdy bookends. A charming arrangement allows each jug double duty as a vase, holding a single blossom or trailing ivy. Sometimes my sad little Russian bears of milk glass, pictured on page 184, are given a flower apiece to hold. Then they look almost happy, as if they had quite forgotten their kummel tummy-ache! One woman uses her hobnail jugs for lotions on her maple dressing table—she says the handles make them easy to use.

Those fat milk glass bottles, wired, make fine bedroom lamps in the Colonial manner. And the cupped hands dish, mentioned earlier, is charming on a dressing table, holding rings and things. And the fun you can have with butter bowls! (And everything I'm telling you has been tried and found fit by clever homemakers. You will invent new ideas yourself, once you start adventuring with these old dishes.) Covered butter bowls often go begging in antique shops, but they shouldn't, for some are fine in color and character. Chosen to suit the spirit of your boudoir, butter bowls become stunning powder jars. My "Chromium Friend" uses a pair in deep amethyst touched with gilt for her dressing table in an alcove hung with gold colored Cellophane. In hobnail, they're delightful as in milk glass, and both can come to the buffet supper full of the soft cheeses. Butter bowls in several colors look well in a glass window. Assembled with other old pieces on glass shelves before a window, the arrangement becomes a living jewel of color which glows in myriad variations as the light changes.

Sugar bowls, bowls large enough to "sugar the threshers," doff their lids to become beverage glasses. Old jam jars in some patterns, as lion glass, do the same. The footed sugars turn into vases: the diamond quilted amber one on my Victorian table is eight inches high, and would be ten with its cover on. Buzzo and Fuzzo, two amiable tropical fish, have twin houses that are ex-sugars in diamond quilted pattern. Sounds crowded, but they thrive in their homes.

Speaking of fish, if you've a cork-topped coffee table, by all means give it a slag glass dolphin to hold cigarettes. The dolphin has a lid, sits saucily upon his fins, and his warm, mottled brown coat complements very nicely the cork color.

Egg cups, such pretty tidbits in apple-green, blue, and amber, make dainty cordial glasses. Or here's an ensemble for a bridge luncheon course: Place a mound of washed, wiped, ice-cold strawberries in one side of a shallow, opaque blue bowl—one of those pretty things with a perforated rim. On the other side, place a blue glass egg cup full of powdered sugar. Provide a cocktail fork for "dunking," and watch your guests have a good time. Daisy and button baskets can hold simple

posies for each table, or they serve bonbons nicely. There's a little wagon in apple-green, that luscious shade, which will haul your mints or hold fresh mint for your iced tea. Grandmother's pressed glass finger bowls came in sets of a dozen in variegated colors, and are charming still. Use warm, scented water.

The great fat turkey gobblers make interesting candy jars. Or, fill two clear glass turks with cranberry jelly. Place a turk at each end of your festive board, then gloat. The crimson jelly sparkles and shines through the thick glass like fire.

Tiny, three-legged kettles came in many patterns to hold grandmother's (of all things) toothpicks. Now they serve shrimp cocktail. White shrimp, red sauce, blue kettle. Very nice! Or they hold cigarettes or matches. And the cherub ex-toothpickers, used for cigarettes at our Dinner in Spring (shown below), are just as happy holding tapers.

Spoon holders in milk glass are stunning converted into parfait glasses, accompanied by a sleek red spoon, served from a red tray. Milk glass hens, or those in opaque blue

A Victorian hanging shelf of walnut is never happier than when given a few pieces of old pressed glass. The old amber hat, the dog and hat match holder, and the purple and white slag vase, three-handled, are from A. L. Brandon. The daisy and button plate and the shoe are amber

DINNER IN SPRING: The fish scale pattern glass is laid upon a light green rayon cloth and the roses in old celery vases are yellow. Four shells grouped about the candelabrum, which was made in 1865, are for nuts. Cigarettes are held by the cherubs. The fruit cocktail dishes were once jelly stands. Glass from Julia E. Kuttner. The pearl-handled dinner knives and the old medallion silver from Landgraf Silver Company; pearl-handled fish set from Park Curiosity Shop; cloth from B. Altman & Co.

Dainty blue wildflower pattern pieces against white walls and on a marble mantel: light from near-by windows sets wildflower pattern's own particular blue a-sparkling. Flowers go very attractively in the celery vases. Glass from A. L. Brandon

or black, are a real boon to the luncheon hostess or for Sunday night suppers. They serve chicken à la king, onion soup, or—as in my native Southwest—chili con carne.

When you were a little, little girl, just tall enough to see what was in the candy case at the general store, remember the tiny glass mugs with which the storekeeper dipped up one penny's worth of jelly beans? Now these mugs make dainty cordials, matched with a cunning jug that was once a vinegar cruet. Or they become individual sauce cups accompanying shrimp cocktail. (See page 182.)

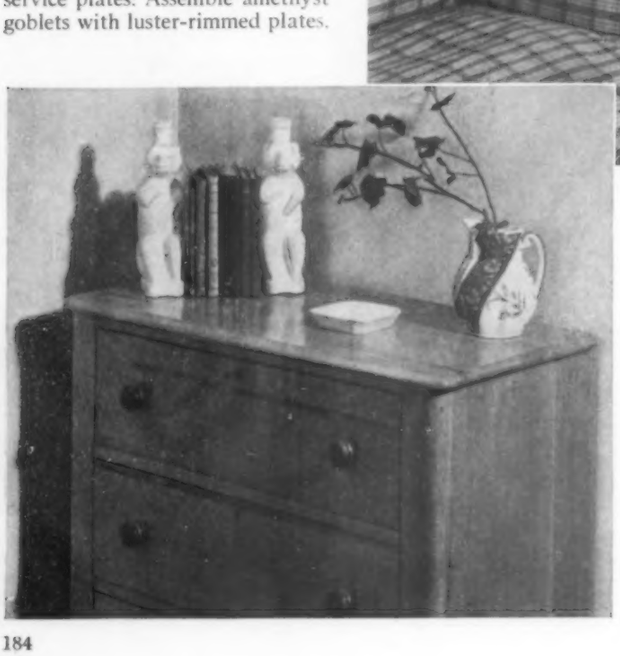
If you like pitchers, a row of the more historical small ones "take to learning" on a bookcase shelf. Kate Claxton and Lotta Crabtree thus live among my books, their solemn likenesses impressed upon an "Actress" pitcher.

If you've a vacant and puzzling wall space, try a pair of brackets holding choice, showy pieces of old glass. But be sure to choose colors to contrast with the background.

High in favor among mugs are the quaint ones in amberina colors, in which amber bases fuse into crimson rims. They were punch cups originally and punch cups they remain—but had you thought of piling them full of vanilla custard topped with four-leaf clovers cut from candied citron? Yes, early in your adventures with early American pressed you learn to play up to its fascinating colors. Honey poured from a canary-colored jug can be a breakfast symphony. Baked apples were never so tempting as when they were served in blue hobnail bowls.

For giving unique interest to your luncheons or dinners, many ensembles await you. Some patterns cry out for certain uses. Paneled thistle belongs to curly maple, set right on the table. (There's an affinity between old glass and wood. Never be afraid to dispense with cloth or mats if it's to the advantage of the glass.) Amber belongs to pine and maple. Ruby thumbprint likes milk glass service plates. Assemble amethyst goblets with luster-rimmed plates.

Above, old pressed glass on a marble-topped Victorian table: ivy in my amber sugar bowl, cigarettes in a red pitcher, an open salt dish turned into an ash tray and a lamp whose gentle amethyst was achieved by time and sunshine. The amber of the sugar bowl is repeated in the plaid covers of the love seat



Don't you like my milk glass bear book ends? They sit dolefully, paws upon their tummies. Bought from a pushcart

and lace covers always for dainty patterns such as popcorn, and star and dewdrop. Goblets in several colors may be used together for a rainbow table. Flat, fish-shaped plates naturally take in the fish course.

A most successful table shown recently was a black, green, and white luncheon for four. Opaque black service plates and bread and butters were set upon a green sateen cloth. For the centerpiece, five triangular black plates were circled around a black bowl holding white chrysanthemums, the triangular plates forming a frame for the flowers equaling in effect a mirror base. Four milk glass candlesticks emphasized the waxy snow of the 'mums, and tiny black pots holding white button 'mums repeated the motif at each corner of the table.

Incidentally, old water set trays when turned over, form compatible bases for pressed glass centerpieces. These colored trays also bring in hors d'oeuvres nowadays. One hostess uses her green cloverleaf tray for a table garden with miniature rose trees upheld by a tiny frog.

Dark linen usually shows off this old glass to best advantage. However, an "apple blossom table" uses linen softly pink with deep pink border, clear wildflower pattern glass and a centerpiece of apple blossoms. Amber will take to dark brown with a rust border or cream with rust brown border. Opaque blue is stunning on yellow or red or a shade of grayish lavender. The frosted patterns like dark blue linen; fish scale glass could go on dark blue, with a centerpiece of lady-like white roses and baby's breath, and look like silvery moonlight. Dainty light blue wildflower pattern is nice set upon light blue rayon damask, using the reverse side of the cloth to get the deeper color, as we did on our table for a Dinner in Spring. Old pearl-handled flat silver is stunning with early American pressed glass; and there's a new flat silver with a gold finish, imitative of the blades of grandmother's fruit knives, which is startlingly good looking assembled with amber

[*Please turn to page 22*

Violas—jolly elves of the flower kingdom

J. Horace McFarland Co.

Ethel Mary Baker

IF PANSIES may be called the "baby faces" of the flower kingdom, why not nickname as elves the jolly little Violas? For while they are really sisters under the skin, there is something so piquant, dainty, and gleeful in those bravely flaunting miniature faces, that is entirely lacking in the placid Pansy. Perhaps it's those perky top petals that demand instant admiration, and again it might be a daring wee blotch, a dent, or a ripple so often noted in that lower middle petal—reminding one of nothing quite so much as a dimple in a saucy, rounded chin.

Violas, as we generally know them in our gardens, are closely related to the pale-blue Horned Violet (V. cornuta), a native of Spain and the Pyrenees Mountains. That as well as V. lutea, have been successfully crossed with our splendid Show Pansies, thus resulting in a different strain with tufted habits, sturdy, upright blossoms, combined with a plant that is hardier than the true Pansy and much more effective when planted in masses because of its neatness and prolific bloom.

Do I hear: "But, they are not *really* hardy and they do not come true from seed"?

Well, what of it? Their hardiness depends much on where you live and how you treat them. And, supposing they are not, that is really but another feather in their charming little caps, for then we may just consider them a husky annual and glory in it, for annuals are all too few that do not droop and die with the first snappy frost. However, the most tender Violas will usually sleep peacefully for us if we go to the trouble of mulching them, or provide the slight protection of an otherwise useless coldframe, and be all ready to pop up bright and glowing with the first whisper of spring.

As to seed not coming true to type—that's another thing again, and depending entirely upon *you*, for there is no seed in general that germinates more readily than that of the Viola, while most of the newer strains and some of the older ones, are so perfected that they average 90 to 100 per cent true to type. What more could one expect from mere seeds? Certainly anyone should be willing to gamble that much!

For us, growing from seed is the most simple and fascinating method of propagating Violas, and we do not mind at all if there are a few off color. And on the other hand, there is often one so particularly fine, that we simply *must* have more, so we allow this selected one to grow and bloom until it is a well-developed specimen, then lifting it gently, behead with the garden shears, and taking it firmly in the hands, divide that plant into as many sections as possible, replanting each little part of root into a new bed.

As to the location of this bed: anywhere a Pansy will thrive, so will a Viola—and do it better. A light sandy soil for a seed bed where they are not allowed to dry out, gives them a good start, and rich, well-drained garden loam for the permanent quarters boosts them along. While most of them appreciate a little shade during some part of the day, they also bloom merrily on our hilltop in the hottest summer sun.

We sow seed several times during the year. March or April for midsummer and fall bloom; July sowing provides us with many blooming size plants in late fall to carry into the wee greenhouse that opens out of the basement. They love it there and all winter long we have bouquets of those jolly little elves for the breakfast table, perched above the fireplace, or setting in the window when the snow heaps high. Then during September, seeds are dropped again, this time in the lath house where they will germinate readily and keep restless feet wriggling making root growth until the bitter nights come, and then we blanket them with leaves. They are healthy well-rooted plants when transferred to the garden in early spring, all

[*Please turn to page 235*]

The perennial problem of shade and color for fall

Margaret Goldsmith

Old Masters Studio

Adjoining the main house is a stone flagged terrace, the roof of which is well framed by luxuriant Wisteria. Groups of potted plants are assembled here at times to give a garden feeling

WHEN a house is shaded by great Elms and Maples in the dooryard (and the case at Fenton Brook Farm, South Egremont, Massachusetts, is typical) it is always a problem where to place the garden in relation to the house, and how to get a feeling of blossoming plants in the immediate foreground if you crave growing things around your doorstep. I was impressed by the successful way in which Mr. and Mrs. Hugh Smiley had worked out the solution.

In the first place they had built out from the low wing adjoining the main house a stone flagged terrace at ground level, the roof of which is supported by a series of simple but well-designed square pillars connected above by five elliptical arches framed by the pattern of leaves from the luxuriant Wisteria at the southeast corner. This Wisteria, by the way, was a four-year-old budded plant when purchased—i.e. budded from a known flowering specimen—and that is the reason it bloomed in early age. There is an unroofed area of terrace adjoining the door into the main house. This affords light and rain for the many potted plants Mrs. Smiley has assembled to give the garden feeling on the terrace. Whenever at Easter time she has house plants of Polyantha Roses given her, forced for that season, she keeps them and sets them out here where they bloom on and off all summer. She has also standard Lantanas and Camellias in large pots which, of course, have to be wintered over in the greenhouse. An interesting sidelight is that in one of the little tree Lantanas a wren had built its nest.

Some care was taken in the selection of containers for the largest plants on the terrace. Old crocks and pottery flower pots of simple shape make the most practical as well as the most æsthetic receptacles as there is a certain amount of aëration and evaporation, of benefit to the roots, possible through pottery which is not possible through tin. Around the sunny corner where the picture was taken, I counted twenty plants, large and small, grouped to leave space for entering the terrace conveniently. Those in bloom were salmon-pink Geraniums, standard Heliotrope, Fuchsias, and Pelargoniums. Of course many were foliage plants such as Coleus and variegated Ivy. The Genista and Siberian Iris had bloomed in June but were at all times interesting for their leafage. A real plant enthusiast loves the glossy texture of Gardenia leaves and the fretwork of Spider Geranium leaves in contrast to the tufts of curving blades of Agapanthus even when its blue blossoms have passed. In the foreground of the photograph you can distinguish a pair of roof Houseleeks—one at each side—fascinating studies with their enormous velvety rosettes of silver-gray that turn pink in the fall. By having the pots grouped in this way, it is a simple matter to water a dozen at a time from the hose.

Now imagine you are looking across the turf that flourishes where no flowers will under the beautiful trees next the house, and you will see, separated by a gravel drive from the lawn, a sunken garden so situated that the central grass panel is on an axis with the terrace, and the person sitting up there can look down into its perennial borders and beyond into a still lower stretch of lawn to a distant pond.

You can have all the distant invisible gardens you like, but give me always a garden vista such as this which can be seen and enjoyed from the house itself. That is the way

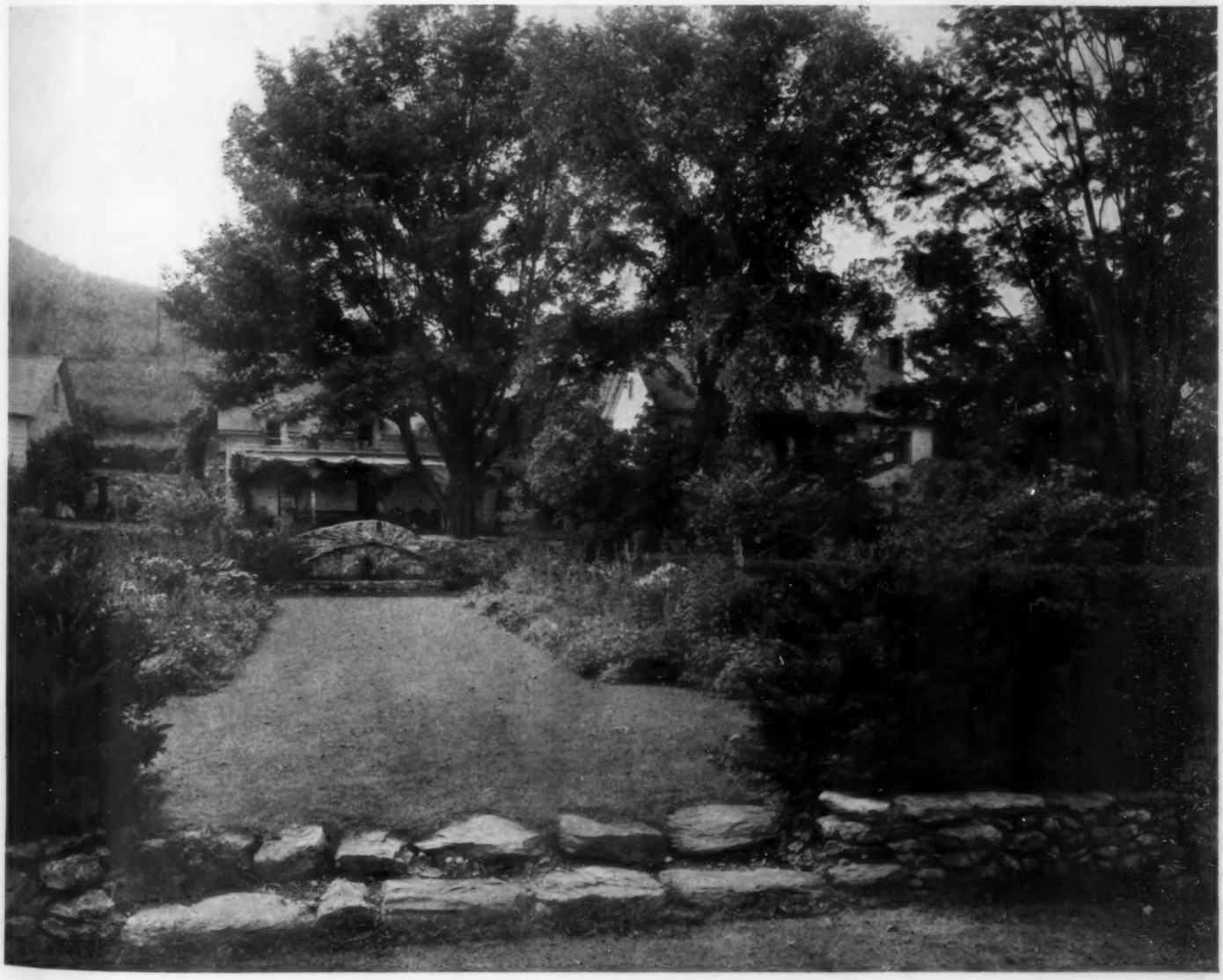
I feel about the location of a garden, but I am all for having some sort of wall or hedge to enclose and define it. Here Mrs. Smiley has the ideal combination of a walled garden enclosed with clipped Yew hedge (much of which she has raised herself from cuttings), plus the advantage of seeing the flowers from the house, because the garden is on a lower level. It so happened that the mason, in laying the wall next the drive, dug into a spring and so a little stone fountain was designed with a basin and water spout on each side of the wall. It adds the right touch.

The color scheme of this garden is blue; with mauves, lavenders, and pinks for secondary colors. There is no lovelier background in the world for a blue garden than the deep green of Japanese Yew.

When first I saw the blue garden, it was mid-August and the Globe-thistles were in their prime. I had never seen them before planted in masses through a long border, and it was a striking sight, the steel-blue of the Echinops against pale yellow Verbascums and the tall white spikes of Summer Hyacinth (Galtonia). Other blue notes were the Peachbell in the newest variety, Telham Beauty, and the Veronicas, both spicata and subsessilis. Earlier in the summer, blue Flax, Lupins, pink Hollyhocks, and Delphiniums combined their lovely blues and pinks.

The next time I saw the garden was in September and the bluest of the Perennial Phloxes, Blue Hill, had come into full bloom with a late white and the rich amaranth of B. Comte for contrast. The blue Hardy Aster Queen Mary was just unfolding, and stately Aconites were beginning to show color. I wanted the photograph taken at this time, as one sees so few pictures of fall gardens when the luxurious growth and final spurts of color celebrate the culmination of garden glory. Here in September, borders of imperial blue Pansies, Violas, and Ageratum, which had suffered from drought in July, put on a new show of bloom. Heliotrope had grown knee-high and vied in intensity of color with taller plants, with Echinacea purpurea and Salvia pitcheri. For accent there were white Zinnias. They deserve a little paragraph of praise, for white Zinnias come in such subtle tones. White Phlox, for instance, is just white, but a white Zinnia may be touched with a hint of flesh or citron, just a mere suggestion of orchid or chartreuse, and it is this play of color, all obtainable from a single package of white seeds, which makes this annual a charming and effective foil for blues when the plants are set out from the seed bed into a perennial garden.

A very good case might well be made out in behalf of planting and planning a garden for its fall picture. The conventional way is to put all the emphasis for the springtime bloom and let the end of the summer and early fall just take care of itself except, of course, for the Dahlias and Chrysanthemums. These two big flowers usually dominate, nay, even overpower, everything else, but there are an abundance of other opportunities. Don't forget that the fall really is the season for the very best Rose bloom—better color and better endurance and in these days when the Hybrid Tea Rose is in very fact the real Queen of the garden would it not be well worthwhile to give the Rose the greatest opportunity to render its very best? Unless you have actually seen the accomplishment of Roses in September you will never dream of what you may have. All good rosarians know and appreciate this, but the fact hasn't penetrated to most amateur gardeners. To get Roses in the fall, the plants must be given attention to feeding, cleanliness, and general sanitation after the first bloom and through the summer long; but, Oh, how worthwhile!



Here is the ideal combination of a walled garden enclosed with clipped Yew hedge. All through the summer months—even through September—blue predominates, with a few accents of mauve, lavender, and pink in summer and white in fall

Van Anda

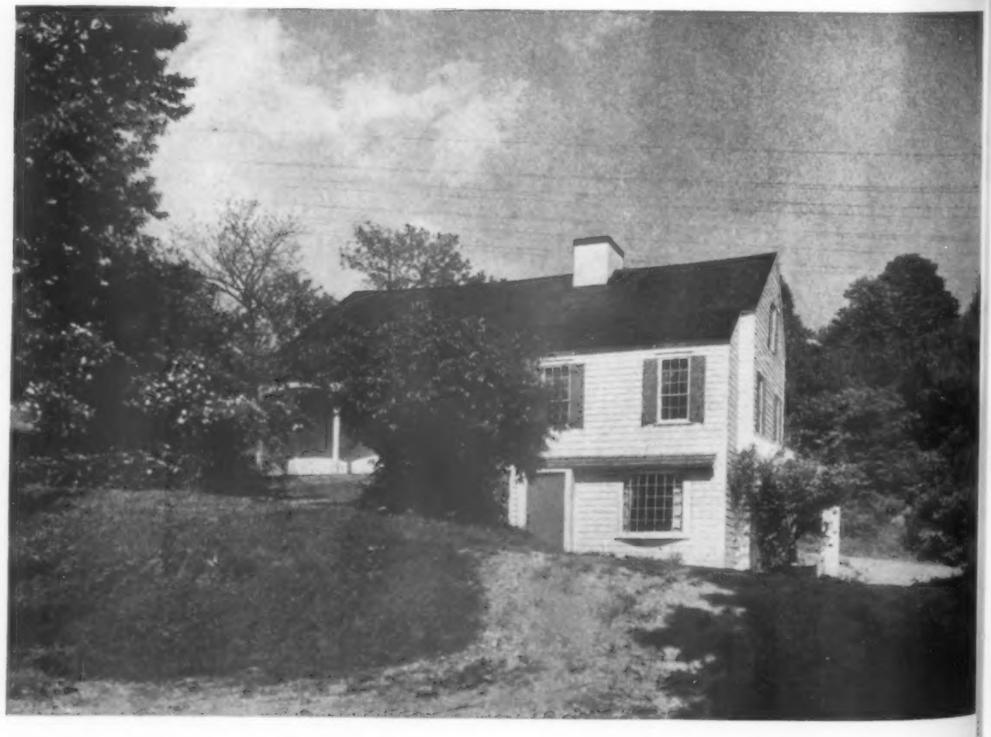
An integral part of its hillside setting

A remodeling project in Kent, Conn.

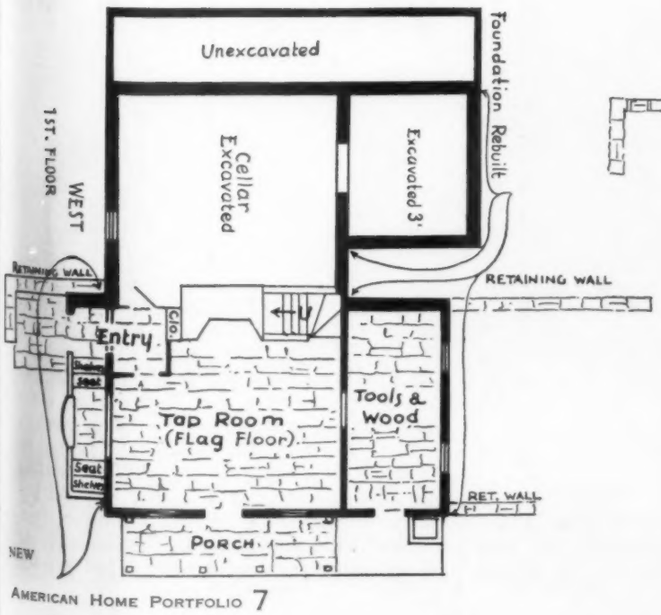
Allan McDowell
Architect

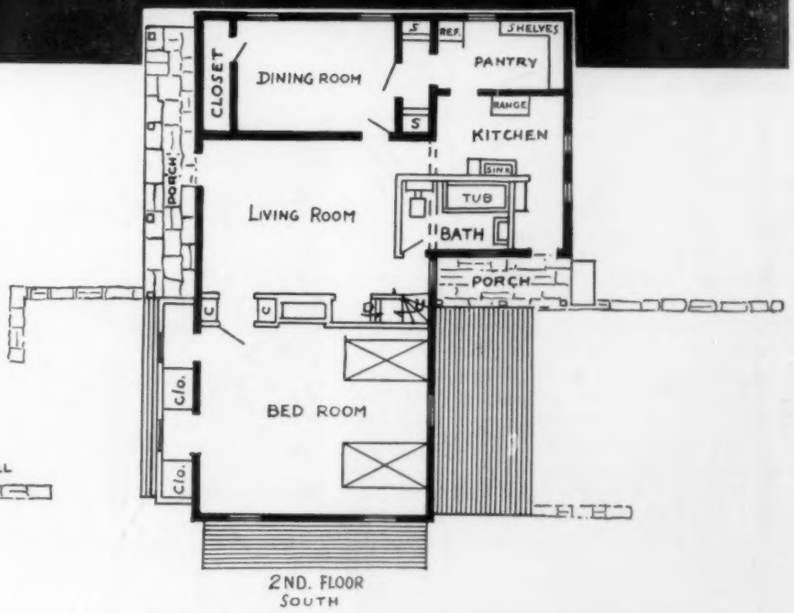
This house, located in Kent, Conn., in a lovely natural setting with small brook about fifty feet in the rear, is the home of Mr. Edward C. Ward. It was remodeled at a cost of less than $4,000

The problem presented in this remodeling project was to change a tall, narrow house with wide overhanging eaves into something that would snuggle into its hillside setting. Like similar houses, it had been added to and "done over," thus spoiling the simplicity of the original, part of which was probably late 18th century



The overhang was removed, the chimney rebuilt from the second floor ceiling up, the house widened a little here and there, porches changed and added, unsound timbers replaced, plaster patched, modern wiring installed, and bathroom added. An old basement kitchen with original fireplace was converted into a tap room with flag floor and pine ceiling. In order to install the pine ceiling, a tin one had to be removed





Full advantage was taken of the sloping hillside, providing access to each floor from the outside. By adding a few more feet to the width of the house, ample closet space was provided for the bedroom and opportunity was given in the tap room for an attractive bow window and window seats on either side of it

Ultramodern furniture grows sociable

Charles Messer Stow

Above: Some of the best ultramodern yet produced in this country. Designed by Johan C. Tapp for Tapp, Inc.

Above: reasonable ultramodern designed by Donald Desky and Leo Jiranek for Thomasville Chair Company. At left: dressing table and chair in the ultramodern manner. Designed by Henry Koster for the Johnson Furniture Co.

It is possible now to use ultramodern furniture in our homes without tearing out the interior architecture to accommodate it. Nor do we have to throw out all the old pieces to which we have become attached. Neither do we have to fear the ridicule of the neighbors nor our own misgivings that we have bought freak furniture when we buy ultramodern.

This means that a new style has grown up among us and that it has now reached the point where it is generally accepted as a development of our time. That is to say, ultramodern furniture satisfies a certain esthetic craving, and while human nature, they tell us, is always the same, we change our esthetics every few years.

Right now our esthetic desires are for simplicity, for straightforwardness, for honesty of purpose. We have got rid of the silly notions of "genteel" deportment which were a hangover from the affectation of Victoria's time. It must be a great satisfaction to King George and Queen Mary that they can look back on twenty-five years of freedom from the stupidities of their grandmother. It certainly is a relief to us not to have to stick out our little fingers when we drink tea nor to be obliged to leave a little food on our plates "for manners." We satisfy our healthy appetites in a reasonable and normal way and if we want more we do not hesitate to ask for it.

This logic of our social intercourse is reflected in the sanity of our home surroundings. We want comfort there above everything else. Next to that we want beauty, and our ideas of beauty are healthy. We like Grant Wood's paintings just now better than those of any other painter. We accept his stylized rendering of landscape and we chuckle over his portrayal of types that amuse us as they amused him. We reject the distorted lines of the modern French artists because they do not seem to us to limn the beauty that we want. We want no part of the crazy conceptions of the surrealists simply because we see no beauty in them.

In our homes this esthetic straightforwardness finds expression in a more commonsense manner of furnishing and decorating. We look askance at fringe. Elaborate drapery annoys us. If we want to protect the backs of our lounging chairs we do it with a piece of the same material as the upholstery. No antimacassars for us and an embroidered tidy would make us giggle.

One of the incidents of our esthetic progress has been a lessened dependence on other countries, especially those that are not of our own language and blood. I have in mind particularly our rejection of the Directoire and Empire styles which certain decorators attempted to popularize. Both were superimposed or dictated styles. They did not come as a development along with a people's growth. When Napoleon was First Consul he ordered the Directoire style. When he had gratified his supreme ambition and had become emperor he ordered the Empire style.

Now there is nothing in the mentality of this country that would allow it to stand for

Ultramodern living room group of rational lines designed by Gilbert Rohde for Herman Miller Furniture Company. Below: Table with clean, simple lines as close to ultramodern as the Imperial Furniture Company has achieved

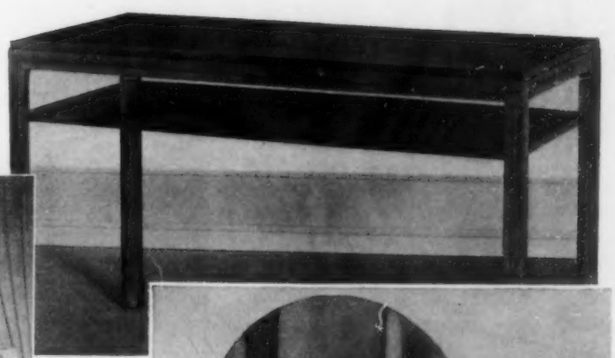
dictation of this kind. It is keen enough for new fashions, it is true, but it seeks them of its own accord and resents any attempt at foisting a style upon it. Hence it could not accept the stilted, formal lines of a dictated style.

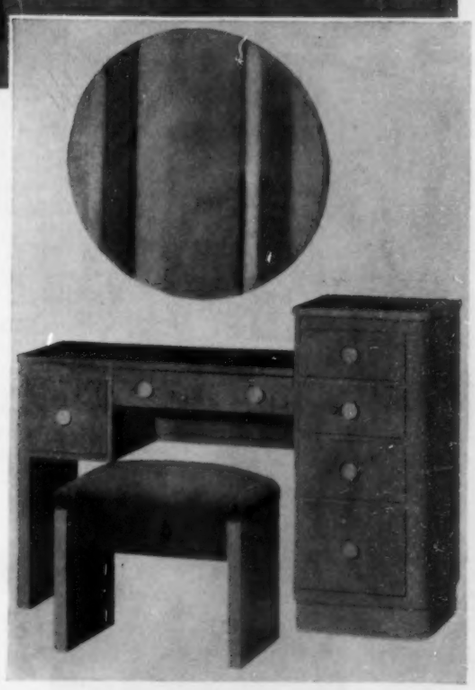
It has, however, accepted the lines of the ultramodern as they have become rationalized and simplified, for it finds in them the simplicity and reasonableness which really satisfy it.

About 1925 the first furniture in a style which had nothing to do with the traditional forms to which we were used was shown to this country. I remember the mirth which it aroused and I believe I did my share of the hooting. That was ten years ago. More happens in a decade now than did in twice that time in the pre-automobile age. So the mirth-provoking lines of the modern furniture of 1925 are as old-fashioned today as are the lines of the Mission style of the beginning of the century.

L'art moderne found almost no acceptance at all when it first appeared in this country. Indeed, except for a few who professed to see something in it, but who, it is to be feared, were Athenians at heart, seeking for some new thing, it met with universal ridicule.

This was not strange, because it violated two principles of design which are instinctive in all of us. It ran counter to our innate sense of balance and to our feeling for proportion. We do not object to the asymmetrical, indeed we like it, but our asymmetry must not [*Please turn to page 226*]





Ultramodern bedroom group of mahogany congenial with any period. Designed by Johnson Furniture Company. Right: Asymmetrical vanity and bench designed by Herman DeVries for Sikes Furniture Company. This ensemble has a fundamental balance of mass

TRAYS—their taking ways

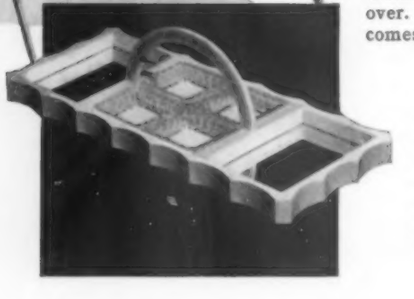
Ellen Janet Fleming

Chromium waffle set from Chase Brass & Copper Co. Kensington Co. contributes the small tray just below it. The sailor tray next comes from Herman Kashins. Manning Bowman's double tray in chromium is extremely useful

Demarest

Right: A folding tray stand can be obtained from Lewis and Conger. A spike tray from Nixon Hall. Both are well designed for garden or sunporch

The metal stand at the left from Ovington's with red painted tin tray is extremely well designed and may be put to use as an end table when its summer functions are over. The white stand for glasses comes from Herman Kashins



The little tray at the left from Ovington's is especially well arranged for a small service. The center section has four compartments for hors d'oeuvres and two glasses will fit in each end. The handle is well balanced

Do you ever find yourself tripping merrily about the affairs of your household, dashing here and there until in a short time you have covered literally miles of space? It may be merry for a time, but it soon savors of exhaustion and boredom. Not that it can't be kept up for years, but you're lucky if the process doesn't make you nervous and fussy. Now nobody could sensibly claim that trays will allow a housewife to sit placidly in one place flourishing like the green bay tree, still they are one of the helps that prevent the space-covering habit from working its devastating clutches overtime. Trays quiet you down perceptibly; they favor heads, saving heels.

Individual service trays are a decided help in saving steps at mealtime in families where there are children. Here there is apt to be a difference in menu at noon and night. Children have their dinner in the middle of the day usually, and grown-ups prefer it at night. By using these trays you may stand in the kitchen and prepare all the food quite easily. Just one trip is needed to the dining room for each tray.

Even though you cannot trust a small child to carry a tray with a full glass of milk on it, at an early age he will learn to carry an empty one with a fair degree of safety. That will help in clearing the table. For the light supper served to the children at night these trays are unfailing. They can be taken to a table on the sunporch, out under an apple tree where a low table and a couple of benches make picnics out of summer meals, and in winter to the warmth of the fireside or to some attractive sunshiny window.

In choosing such a set of trays certain practical considerations are important. A tray 15″ by 9″, possibly a little larger, will allow a plate, glass, and two small dishes to be arranged without a struggle to fit them in. If the rim is gently raised the tray can be easily picked up, and the crumbs will wash off readily. Durable finishes and light weight, but strong materials are essential, however it is no problem to attain them since modern ingenuity specializes in both.

Very large trays are delightfully saving of trip after trip to the table. Especially in summer, whether vacationing is done at home or in some lake or shore cottage, there is always the temptation to eat under some lovely tree, on some terrace, or in some spot where the outlook entrances. But the kitchen stands grimly back of such ideas, the food, the stove, the refrigerator are in its grip. Meals must be prepared within its walls. At that moment sneak up on the kitchen with a great big tray and pile it with everything for a feast. It will probably be heavy by the time you have done that, even though you were wise enough to start with a tray light in itself. And if it is, just send out a call for help. Most willing, masculine brawn will come to the rescue (and even the unwilling will come) and get the tray safely to the chosen vista.

Perhaps the reason why good-sized trays are not used more commonly is that there is no place in the kitchen to put them while they are being filled and no place in the dining room to receive them. A large tray cannot be balanced on the corner of a set up dining-room table without proving more of a nuisance than a benefit. But because the less the hostess runs about at dinner the more noticeable is the serenity of the dinner hour, it is worth while to provide a couple of good places to hold such trays.

There are many attractive trays on the market that are designed with bases, some of which fold and some of which are of fixed shape. A sideboard may be kept clear enough to make a good place for a tray, but the base made especially for the tray is helpful in the dining room because it can be placed so as to be most convenient to the table. In the kitchen a small table that will roll on castors to different parts of the kitchen will hold the tray as it is filled or brought back with the used dishes and will be found very useful.

When friends call in the afternoon, serving tea is a pleasant custom, if it is done easily and without a lot of bustling

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Between dusk and daylight

Donna Ashworth

One of the show spots of Honolulu is this famous hedge of Night-blooming Cereus, planted by Mrs. Hiram Bingham ninety years ago and now nearly half a mile long. It stands six or seven feet high and has had as many as 5000 lovely fragrant creamy white flowers in bloom in a single night. Photograph by Williams Studio, Honolulu

Not long ago I read a story about a woman who had a night garden, and in it she had gathered the things that would show up most beautifully in the evening, foliage plants with silvery leaves to reflect the sheen of the moonlight, Waterlilies of exquisite coloring, and lovely night-blooming flowers of unbelievable fragrance and beauty.

I wondered, if in this garden, which was at its best between dusk and daylight, if she did not have a Night-blooming Cereus or Night-blooming Cactus. Her night garden could not be complete without at least one of these lovely plants. There is something intriguing about all night-blooming flowers, for their fragile beauty and haunting fragrance casts a mysterious spell over us. We cannot but regard them with something of awe and wonder.

If you are interested in flowers that bloom between dusk and daylight, stop and give the Cactus and Cereus a thought, for if you want one, you may have it. You can grow it quite as easily as you do the Moonflower, the Sweet Jimson, the Evening Primrose, the Four-o'clocks, and the Night-blooming Waterlilies.

There has been a good deal of confusion over the question of Cactus and Cereus, and the majority of people who have a Night-blooming Cactus believe they have a Night-blooming Cereus. The truth of the matter is that all Cereus are Cactus, but all Cactus are not Cereus, since the Cereus have certain peculiarities of growth which distinguish them from the rest of the Cactus family. Cactus has many Cactus aunts, uncles, and cousins making up the Cactus clan. So if you have one of these lovely night-blooming flowers and merely call it a Night-blooming Cereus, you may have a Night-Blooming Cactus, such as the Queen Cactus (Phyllocactus latifrons), almost always mistaken for a Night-blooming Cereus, though it is not a Cereus at all.

Night-blooming Cactus and Night-blooming Cereus grow very much alike and are cultivated in much the same way. Most of them belong to Central and South America, and the West Indies, which means that in the climate in which most of us live, they must be kept in the house or in a greenhouse during the winter. For this reason they must be planted in a tub or bucket or some sort of container which can be carried and placed on the porch or in the garden in summer.

There are so many things that might be said about growing Cactus that it is easy to become confused and befuddled. If you want to grow many types and kinds, then there are innumerable details which you should know. But if you are going to grow only one or two night-blooming plants, you can very well overlook a number of these minute directions.

You will need a good, rather rich humus soil, in which sand has been mixed, or some broken up pots, which will keep it from sticking together. You *must* have good drainage in growing Cactus, and this is the best way to get it: You should use water with judgment, so that your soil is moist, but doesn't stay wet, as this will cause rot. Your plant must have a moderate temperature in winter, though it won't grow much, and like other flowers will start growing in the spring, when it will want to be watered much more frequently. When the weather becomes warm, it will want to be put out of doors where it will get some sun and more shade. It will need a

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1, The Showy Forsythia. 2, The May-flowering Clematis montana, making a pleasing contrast with the yellow blooms of the Hugo Rose. 3, The blooms of the Firethorn which are followed by bunches of orange-red berries lasting nearly all winter

Decorating the walls of the house

Henry Dearden

THE title sounds like a scheme of interior decoration. Not that we haven't tried our hand at that; our living-room walls are now painted the color of lavender. I don't mean the color of "my lady's boudoir," heaven forbid! But rather, the bluish grayish green which a bush of English Lavender wears the whole year through, the delicate, rather neutral color of its evergreen foliage.

This article, however, refers to the outside walls. Our home would not take a prize at an architectural beauty show, nor would it, we believe, strike you as being particularly ugly. It is just a plain, typical, small American house, which the real estate men describe as Dutch Colonial. This means that it has a pent on two sides at the first floor ceiling level. When we saw the pent we wondered whether it would spoil our outside decorating scheme. But we decided that as it is not very wide, and was at a fair height above the ground we would risk it. A wide pent close to the ground is an abomination in the sight of a gardener, for it acts like a permanent awning under which it is almost impossible for plants to grow.

In spite of the line in a mediæval litany, which prays for deliverance "from creepy and crawly things" some of these are welcomed by us, particularly these which will creep up the walls of the house. For the scheme of wall decoration we had in mind, was to make our house look as much like a vine-clad English cottage as its Dutch-American hybrid character would permit.

Our first purchase, with this end in view, was five plants of Boston Ivy. This very useful wall covering grows quickly, clings without nailing and turns a beautiful color in the fall. These, however, were gradually taken out as space became more valuable, till now one plant only remains and even this has to be pruned severely to keep it within bounds. Three plants of English Ivy were next planted on the north side of the house.

Four Climbing Roses were now used on the south side of the house: two Mary Wallace placed on either side of the entrance door. The other varieties selected were Jacotte and Emily Gray. Jacotte bears beautiful flowers of "yellowish orange, tinted copper" at least, that is what the catalog says. Actually, though

4, The common white Weigela. 5, Mary Wallace Rose greets you at the doorway. 6, The white bells of the Abelia are fragrant and commence blooming early in July, lasting until frost; very glossy foliage

At right, as we were before the vines were planted and, below, the miracle performed by the beauty of vines clustering about our house

the color is almost indescribable, it is perfectly lovely. Since it is not as vigorous as Mary Wallace it was placed by the porch pillar. Emily Gray has bright glossy holly-like foliage and large semi-double golden flowers, a very beautiful Rose, somewhat tender, however, in cold climates.

Scrambling over the laundry and back porch is a plant of the beautiful May-flowering Clematis montana undulata, whose white flowers slightly tinted lavender cover the vine at the same time that a bush of Hugo Rose, just below, is a mass of yellow blooms. The contrast of these two makes a charming picture. In the autumn the Clematis again rewards us with a few blooms. Among the English Ivy we have the fragrant Autumn Clematis, which blooms freely in spite of the fact that it only gets a little sunshine.

Having planted fifteen plants which are listed under climbers in the nursery catalog, we next turned our attention to training shrubs of non-climbing habits on the walls, a method of wall decoration very frequently seen in England, though not often tried in America. It has, however, been very successfully done at Princeton University where the Drooping Forsythia now covers the dormitory walls in a very beautiful way. Other buildings on the campus have plants of Japanese Quince and Firethorn trained on them.

Shrubs of the nature indicated will not support themselves on a wall, or fence. We used stout galvanized roofer's nails, one inch long, with large flat heads. In most cases these can be driven into the cement joints. Sometimes, however, it is necessary to make a hole with a small star drill. The selected branches are held by strings to the nail and those not needed cut off. Horizontal wires may be stretched horizontally along the wall and the shrubs tied to this instead of nails.

Our first efforts in this direction were with Drooping Forsythia (F. suspensa) on the northwest corner of the house, while two plants of the Showy variety (spectabilis) were planted to train up the front gable. The Showy Forsythia is a more recent introduction. Its deep golden yellow flowers are larger and grow more closely together on the stem, making a lavish display, which is intensified if trained. One of these plants is now half way up the gable and is eighteen to twenty feet above the ground.

The white Weigela is one of the shrubs which has caused more comment than any others. Many people do not recognize it in its uncommon arrangement and ask, "What vine is that?" It is not difficult to train and the white blooms make a wonderful picture against the purplish red bricks.

One of the most useful shrubs for training on walls is the Firethorn. It is evergreen and in May it bears an abundance of small white blooms not particularly striking in themselves, but very attractive in the mass. The blooms are followed by a bountiful quantity of red berries borne in large bunches, which remain nearly all the winter. There are two forms in cultivation, the Scarlet Firethorn and Laland's Firethorn. The former has bright red berries, the latter has orange-red fruits. When purchasing Firethorns insist on plants propagated by cuttings from fruiting plants. If you buy seedlings you may have to wait many years for the berries.

In order to have some blooms early in the year we have two plants of the Winter Jasmine. These make neat plants when trained and its early blossoms are very welcome. Frequently it blooms while the snow is still with us.

A shrub which has flowers of a more brilliant deep yellow than probably any other is the single Kerria. As it has practically no pests and is very easily grown, it is surprising that it is not more used in the shrub border, but training on a wall enhances its beauty.

Cotoneasters lend themselves very readily to this treatment. The Rock Cotoneaster is a very useful evergreen shrub, with bright red berries in the winter; and when the fan-shaped branches are trained to a wall, they will cover a large surface. I have seen plants as much as ten feet high.

For late summer bloom the Abelia is one of the most worthwhile shrubs. The little white flowers commence early in July and continue till frost. Its glossy foliage lasts almost all through the winter; with us it is trained on the protected side of the house.

One would hardly think it possible that there could be space for all these plants on a small house, but such is the case. Now we are wishing for fresh wall space to adorn and other shrubs to try. Those mentioned by no means complete the list of material for this never-ending entrancing phase of gardening. Among other plants which are more readily adaptable, you might choose among the Butterfly-bush, Matrimony-vine, Beauty-bush, Bush-honeysuckle, and Wintersweet. The beautiful summer flowering Ceanothus

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George H. Davis Studio

Old New England farmhouse at Duxbury, Mass.

Now the summer home of Miss Eleanor Frazier, interior decorator of Boston

MISS FRAZIER'S first problem was the removal of countless layers of wallpaper and paint before the old plaster and pine paneling could be brought to light, fireplaces opened up, and the general restorations made which are necessary when the houses of yesterday are converted into the homes of today.

The old kitchen has now become a spacious dining room and the old shed converted into a model kitchen and, next to it, the garage. Except for the introduction of a bathroom, no change was made on the second floor. To make the house comfortable in cold weather a one-pipe coal heater was installed, the register in the dining-room floor concealed with a small rug when not in use, and an extension to the left of the fireplace concealing the flue which connects the central chimney—this addition seeming but a part of the original brickwork to the person unfamiliar with its construction.

This house has been furnished most delightfully in the traditional farmhouse manner—rush-seated pine chairs intermingled with chintz

upholstery, old trestle tables, four-poster beds, candlewick spreads, hooked rugs upon the floors, tin sconces on the walls.

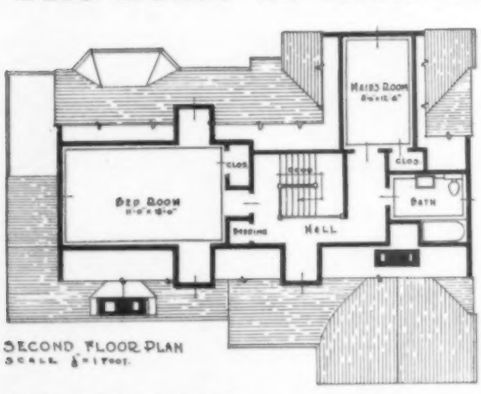
The nice old pine paneling and trims in the living and dining rooms have been left in the natural color and finished in oil and the plastered walls are painted a tone of deep ivory which harmonizes beautifully with the pine. Bedroom walls are covered with the quaint old patterned wallpapers now obtainable and the woodwork is painted.

It needs but little imagination to visualize the charm of this interior—the honey-color pine, dark painted floors with spatter finish, colorful hooked rugs, gay chintzes, fireplace appointments and decorative accessory furnishings. Everywhere is evident the skillful touch of the professional decorator, who has thoughtfully considered her background and created an atmosphere happily related to it without sacrificing the comforts and conveniences of up-to-date equipment and modern ways of living.

There is a charm about an old house to which nearly everyone sooner or later succumbs, and, given a bent for the collection of Americana, its restoration will furnish the owner with happy occupation and a most absorbing hobby that will last a long time. —CHRISTINE FERRY

The home of Mrs. Edna B. Brooks, College Hill, Dayton, Ohio

Ralph W. Carnahan, Architect

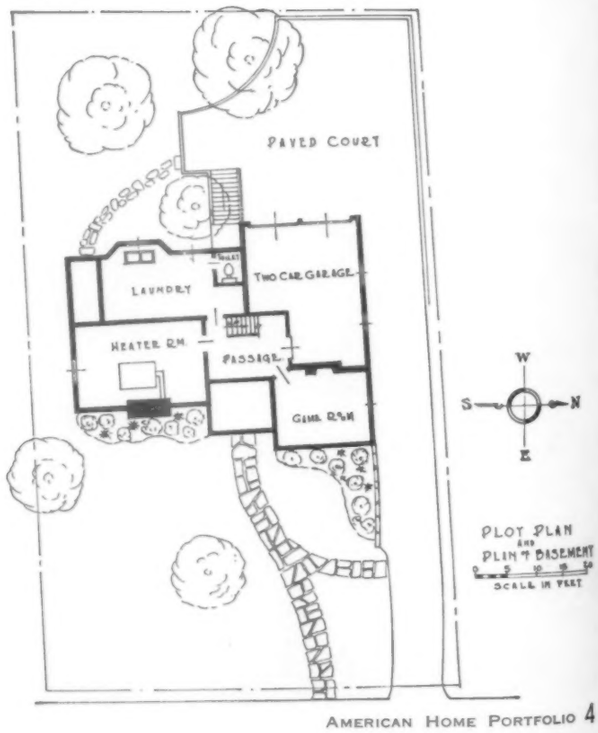


SECOND FLOOR PLAN
SCALE $\frac{1}{8}$" = 1 FOOT

Construction: brick veneer and clapboard siding painted white with a roof of wood shingles stained dark brown. The sash and exterior are painted a fawn color with shutters in apple green. Oak columns and beams are hand adzed and stained

Interior has knotty white pine paneling and trim, with the plastered walls papered with Colonial wallpapers. The ceilings are stippled with cream-colored lead and oil to a light texture. Mechanical equipment includes a forced warm air heating system using gas as fuel, water softener, incinerator, and automatic water heater. All exterior walls and second-floor ceilings are insulated with mineral wool. Present-day cost of building this house would be approximately $10,500

FIRST FLOOR PLAN
SCALE $\frac{1}{8}$" = 1 FOOT



PLOT PLAN AND PLAN OF BASEMENT
SCALE IN FEET

Fathers should be seen AND heard

Dorothy Blake

Children are popularly supposed to be the tie that binds. More often, under our modern system of fitting the home to their needs, they are oftentimes the cord that strangles—that strangles the companionship and love of two adult human beings who should reasonably be expected to grow closer to one another through the years

What do most fathers get out of parenthood?

The privilege of watching mother bring up the little darlings. The fun of slipping more and more into the background of family importance. The realization that, in the mind and heart of the woman they loved and married, they are becoming of secondary interest. "But John, dear, childhood is SO important. We'll have years to do things together." The tragedy is that those years seldom come—or come too late

I HAVE a distinct feeling, in what might be called my psychic sense, that somebody is going to get terribly wrathy about this article. just plain, old-fashioned mad! Not just one somebody but a good many. And I also have a feeling that the ones who do get mad are going to be devoted mothers who have given the "best years of their lives to the children."

Not that anyone ever compelled them to this noble sacrifice—they simply slipped on the hair shirt of the martyr and gloried in the prickles. Well, we all ought to be able to enjoy life in our own way—so long as it doesn't interfere with the way of someone else. But, right there, is the trouble with this excessive maternal devotion. Father also wears the hair shirt of sacrificial parenthood. He doesn't choose to wear it and he doesn't enjoy the prickles—the thing is simply slipped onto him so gradually that he never suspects until it gets increasingly uncomfortable. Even when he shrinks in his own estimation it seems to shrink with him and there is no getting rid of it except through the violent process of staging a private explosion or the cowardly one of walking out on the job. This latter method, in spite of the statistics, is not a popular one with fathers. Watch them, morning and evening, going to work, coming home from work, paying the bills, cutting the grass, shining up the car, buying the gas, shaking down the furnace, or calling down the janitor.

It seems to me it is about time that we about faced. That we stop giving quite so much attention and understanding and sympathy to these precocious offspring and divide at least some of it with our husbands.

"But John, dear, childhood is *so* important. We'll have years and years to do things together—after the babies are grown up." The tragedy so often is that those years and years never come—or, if they do come, the ability to do things "together" is gone. Any plant will die with lack of attention, any muscle grow flabby with lack of exercise. I have ransacked the house for a copy of a magazine which printed an amusing sketch of a middle-aged couple making a call. Says the middle-aged lady guest to her hostess: "Just imagine—Egypt, the Mediterranean, and nobody to talk to but Henry for three months!"

Yet time was when Henry was the most fascinating person in her life. When what Henry ate and Henry liked and Henry said bored her friends to death. What happened? She started making baby clothes, knitting minute sweaters, reading books on pre-natal care and the new-born child. A little stranger brightened their home. As the years went on, several more little strangers. Henry began to feel like someone seen through the wrong end of an opera glass. Mother—for she was "mother" now—went to child study classes; she brought home magazines and leaflets on *The Rights of Childhood, Fitting the Home to the Child, The Duties of Parenthood* and intelligence tests for parents. She gave some of them to Henry and told him he should read the article *Fatherhood Is an Obligation* and the one called *Every Home a Laboratory.*

Shades of Mr. Barrett and the gloom of Wimpole Street! Ghosts of the past when "Father is coming" meant slippers in front of the fire, hotting up the tea pot, hushing down the children, hurrying up the supper. When father was the final authority, the sun, moon, stars, lightning and thunder of the home world. The pendulum has swung in the other direction—now fathers are supposed to be seen and not heard.

WORTHY psychologists sit up nights and Sundays to solve the "problems of childhood." They spend months over charts and figures to come out with the profound statement that "Children sleep more restfully after a light evening meal."

Then thousands of mothers wear themselves to a rag and a bone and a hank of hair to prepare noon dinners and evening suppers for thousands of perfectly healthy children who could outdo a goat in the matter of digestion. I don't mean that roast pork and plum pudding at seven o'clock at night is my ideal of a bedtime snack for children. But I do mean that the turning of household schedule upside down, the convenience and tastes of mother and father cast into the discard is all wrong—unless you have a sick child. Human strength is just like a bank account: you can draw on it just so long and then your checks are no good. So that when a mother puts all her physical capital into child culture she has precious little left over for husband culture. And Henry ignored or taken for granted for twenty years will, in all probability, turn into the kind of Henry with whom a three months' cruise would be complete boredom. Whatever spark of mutual interests and tastes existed in the beginning has long since flickered out and, at middle age, mother and father stand on widely divided hills with no signal fires with which to communicate.

PERHAPS you think this point of view is too extreme. Watch the young couples around you; watch the middle aged couples. What has changed the delight and stimulation in each other's company to one of dull endurance? I think it is this obsession with children. Not with children really, but with the bugaboo of physical and mental care which has become such a fetish because self-styled authorities have scared women into feeling that children are so much T. N. T. One wrong move and a life is shattered!

Why worry about fitting the home to the child? Why not try fitting the child to the home? After all, childhood is a brief period of their lives and they are going to have to adjust themselves to a world which will most certainly not adjust itself to them. This creation of an artificial atmosphere of complete understanding, the analyzing of every trivial act and emotion, the subordinating of the personalities of the adults to the developing egos of the children isn't fair. It isn't fair to the children because they either wither under such intense rays of the parental sun, or they expand in their feeling of importance out of all proportion to their real place in the family,

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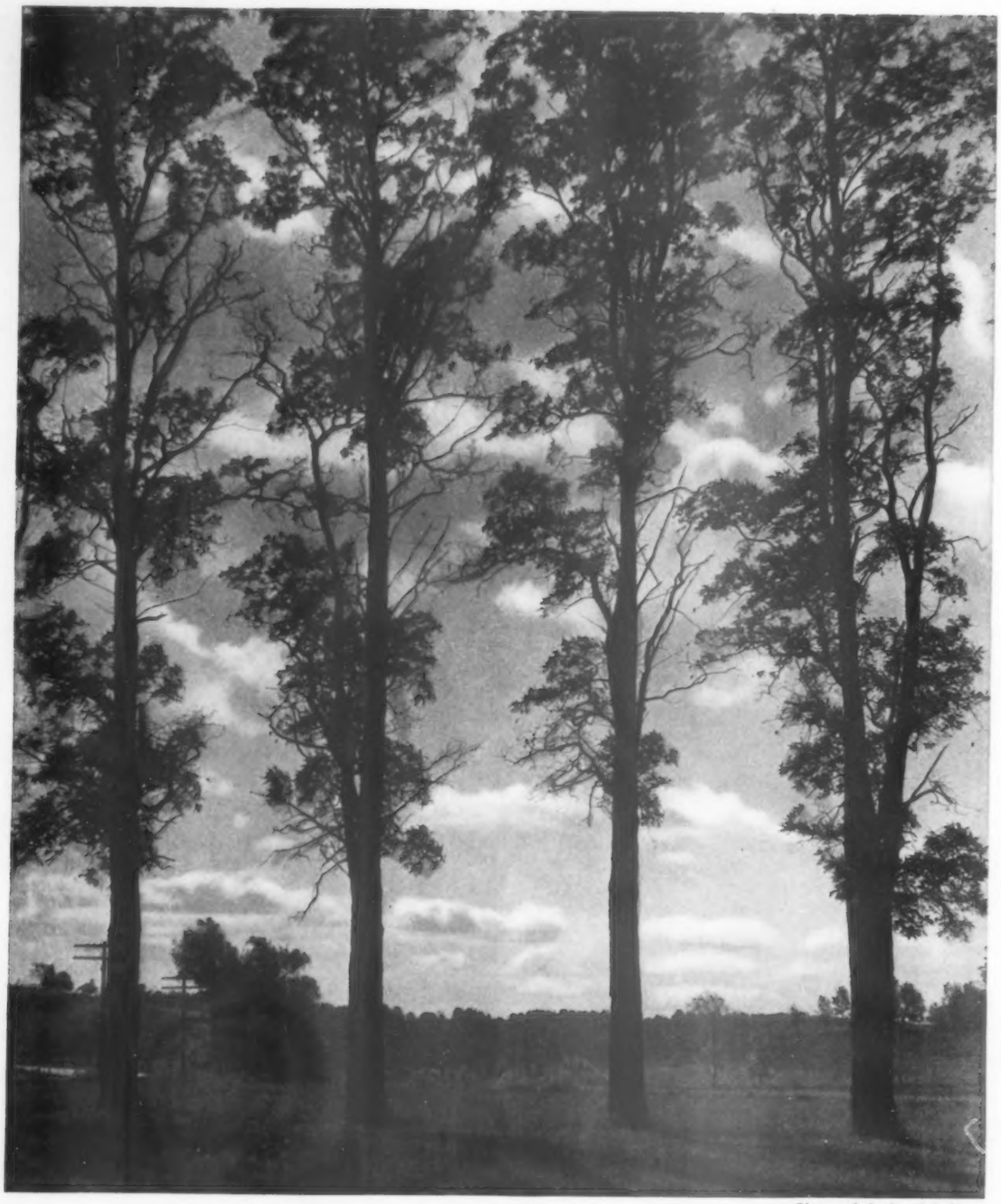
TREES



Photographs by Joseph B. Wertz

Leonard Barron

Standing sturdy and stark in early spring, for it leafs late, the Locust is a native through a rather largely diversified area from Canada to as far south as the state of Florida. It is now often naturalized east of the Allegheny Mountains

Its extremely rich endowment of trees makes the North American continent in many ways unique among all the continents of the world. Quite apart from any scientific interest or appeal to the student of natural history the arboreal flora of this great area presents a marvelous diversity of form, richness of character, and virile expression of nature's moods. No wonder the patriotic American loves the trees of his country; and in no other region of the world of equal area are the indigenous trees so well known and appreciated as are those of North America—and yet, so little is really known as to their cultural requirements and their possible uses in a pictorial development of the landscape.

In spite of all the attention that has been given to tree culture in North America the subject as a whole is yet far too young, too immature to have attained any real goals.

With a liberal margin of more than 700 recognized and distinct species of trees in our area there are several very distinctly characterized regions. "East is East and West is West, and never the twain shall meet" may indeed be well said of many of our trees. With a few notable exceptions they only give greater emphasis to the fact that many of our trees are characteristic of large natural regions which they inhabit and which are not always—of necessity cannot be—coördinate with the political limitations of the states

WHILE the Locust is so characteristic of widely distributed areas of the East, so in the more northern belt the American Elm achieves a dominance and glory hardly matched anywhere in the world by any other tree. As might be expected it has great diversity of form and is the most beloved of all of our native trees and seems to carry the very essence of the spirit of New England.

While it yet adorns the landscape from Newfoundland to Lake Superior and the headwaters of the Saskatchewan, westward to the Turtle Mountains of North Dakota and south into Florida, along the upper Colorado River and in Texas, it becomes smaller as it goes south. A largely planted ornamental tree. The accompanying specimen is on the high-school grounds of Columbia, Missouri.

In dignified dominance, the American Elm stands often in solitary grandeur. It claims for its habitat river bottom lands and low rich hills and banks of streams in the West through the mid-continental plateau

Blackmore

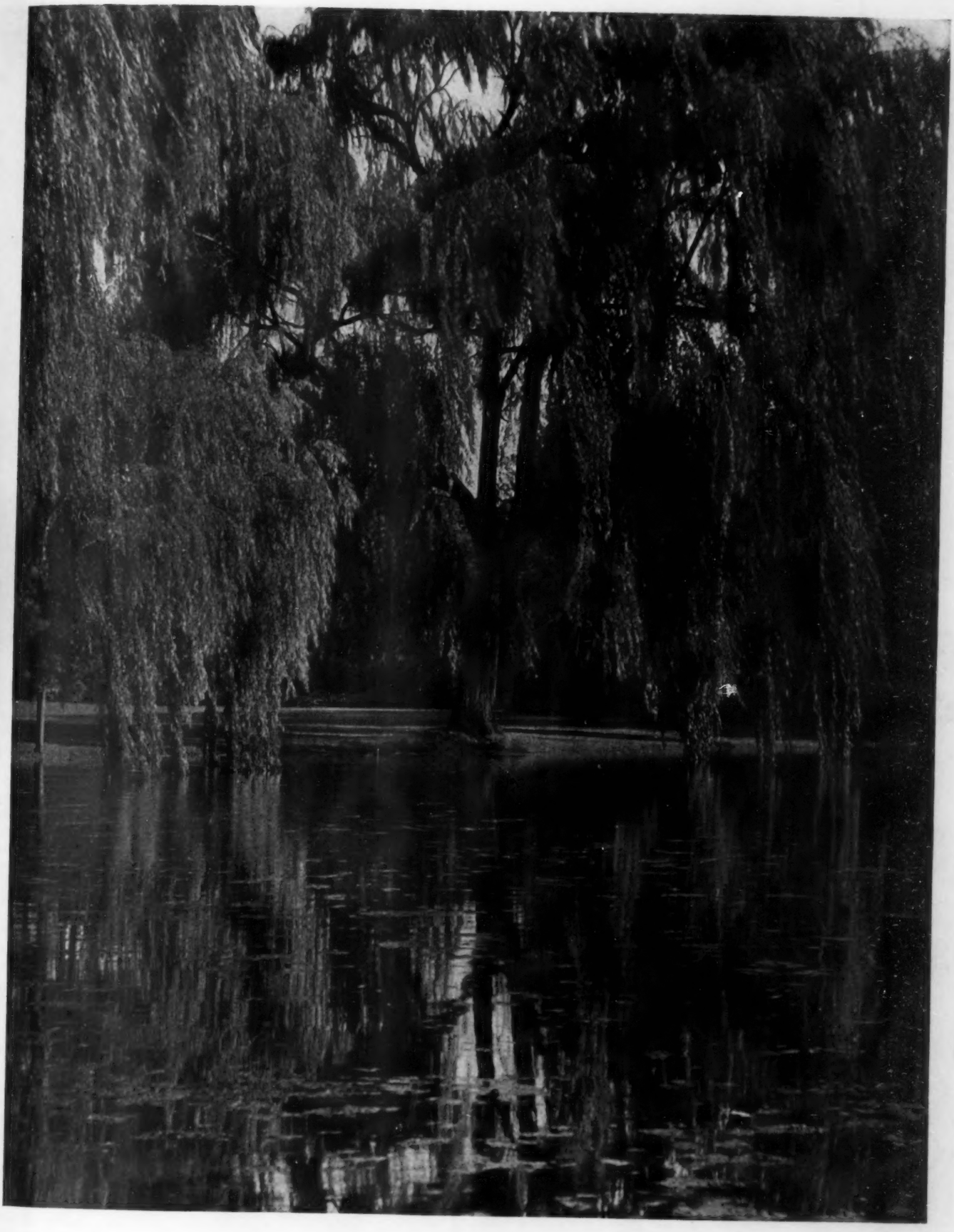
On the Bay of Monterey, occupying an area two miles long and 200 yards wide, the Monterey Cypress is native. Cultivated throughout the Pacific Coast

Truly expressive of the desert and one of the marvels of nature which catch and hold water against prolonged droughts, are the Cactus and Yucca, enormous species of which you will find signalizing the desert landscape

Struggling valiantly for existence and triumphing, up to the very edges of the glaciers, the Pines wrest an existence from most unpropitious environments. The last representative of trees as you ascend to the eternal snows of the North

From the very antithesis of the glacier heights, down in the balmy South, the Live Oaks with their weird added tresses of a Spanish Moss hanging from each limb, are equally characteristic. Huge giants of a salubrious clime

NO BETTER contrast of the two extreme types of evergreen trees than is presented in the straggly struggling Pines that grow on the glacier edge (as photographed here in Rocky Mountain National Park, Colorado) and in the accompanying picture, the Live Oaks so characteristic of the warm South (here photographed in the well-known gardens of Magnolia on the Ashley in South Carolina) continuing right down to New Orleans and the Gulf Coast generally, there is no more long-lived tree than the Virginian Live Oak. The Oaks constitute of themselves one of the most glorious of all tree families and are particularly characteristic of North America. Upwards of 50 distinct species of Oak are recognized in the region. They constitute but a fraction of a world-wide family of nearly 300 individuals which together are among the most dominant trees to be found on the entire Northern hemisphere.



Weeping Willows in New Jersey

For picturesqueness in a tree for ornament is there any one more graceful and appealing than the Weeping Willow, which seems so beautifully to associate with water? Not necessarily must it be running water as suggested by America's great pioneer in landscape gardening, A. J. Downing. So beautifully adapted and taking so finely to its new home, it has come to be regarded as a native

(Above) The American Elm in Vermont and (below) Thuja plicata in Oregon

A CONTRAST of East and West. The placid pastoral atmosphere of the northeastern landscape acquires much of its quiet beauty from its Elms (above) so different from the towering giants of the states of Oregon and Washington where the so-called Oregon Pine, the true Western Redcedar (Thuja plicata) towers along the roadside and up the mountain slopes in regal grandeur frequently attaining a height of 200 feet. One of the few Western trees that finds the East congenial. Nothing in the whole field of the natural flora could better distinguish the two widely separated regions of the great continent. If you were to go to sleep in one of the Eastern states and wake up in the West there could be no possible mistake of the fact that you had gone into a different part of the land.

Western Redcedar is one of the startling exceptions of the broad general rule that Western species of plants do not take comfortably to the Eastern shore. The Western Redcedar, however, is quite at home when transplanted and grows with amazing rapidity in its new home and in this respect differs from its other associates of the Western forest.

Tree planting for studied pictorial effect is something not to be undertaken thoughtlessly and should be done always with a view to the ultimate growth of the tree. The outstanding tree planting crime committed over and over again is in assuming that the young tree will never grow old. The true dignity of a tree is associated with its age. It must have space.

Curtis

Embroidered upholstery textiles

In the manner of the English crewel needlework of the Jacobean period — *Christine Ferry*

NEEDLE-MADE upholsteries are a never-failing source of satisfaction. They are interesting to do and have the added virtue of durability, so that the time expended in their making is an investment always yielding worth while dividends.

Needlepoint and other forms of canvas work, built up stitch by stitch over the entire surface, are the methods most commonly employed in the making of such textiles. But there are various types of embroideries done upon a fabric ground which also have excellent wearing qualities, are exceedingly decorative, and develop much more rapidly than does canvas work for the reason that the patterns only need to be executed.

During the latter part of the seventeenth century there flourished in England a type of needlework which has become known to us both as English crewelwork and Jacobean embroidery, because of the period with which it is identified. Done with fine, loosely twisted woolen threads upon a background of sturdy diagonal twill linen, it was extensively used for both wall and bed hangings and furniture covers as well.

In the earliest of this work, the designs almost invariably take the form of luxuriant stems which arise in serpentine fashion from a ground of little hillocks and throw out large conventionalized leaf and flower forms. Birds are frequently scattered among the branches, a pagoda-like building is sometimes introduced and the little hillocks are dotted with small animals and growing plants.

Although this pattern scheme was undoubtedly inspired by the color printed cottons then being brought into England from the Far East by the East India Company, the cumbersome quaintness of the huge leaf and flower forms in the English work is chiefly due to the untutored design of the period.

During recent years crewel embroidery has once again become popular with needleworkers and decorators have employed it in various ways—for cushions, screen panels, and hangings, as well as for upholstery. Because of the adaptability of the serpentine stems and the irregular flower and leaf motifs the design is invaluable for the covering of large surfaces, such as that needed for the upholstery of a wing chair, and it also affords the woman interested in stitchery marvelous opportunity for the display of her skill with the needle and the harmonious intermingling of colors.

Now, as in the early days, the work is done with the fine crewel wools and, as designs for large surfaces are naturally bold, two threads are used in the needle. Although the effect is quite elaborate, and at first glance the stitchery may appear to be intricate, a closer inspection will show that it is in reality quite simple, much of the mass effect being composed of row after row of such familiar and elementary stitches as chain or outline or buttonhole, which every embroiderer knows how to do and which develop very rapidly when done with the double thread of woolen yarn.

The varied coloring of the embroidery looks particularly well when contrasted against the neutral coloring of a linen twill background. But if a colored fabric is preferred for purposes of upholstery one may now choose either a linen damask, which retails for about $4.50 at most decorating

establishments, or wool tapestry for about $12 per yard, both in the 50-inch width. The linen twill for the background is imported by a New York linen house and comes in several widths, from 36 to 72 inches.

Because of the character of the designs for English crewel embroidery, which for upholstery purposes are usually made in conformity with the outlines of the furniture which they are intended to cover, a pattern is the first requisite—preferably one made by an upholsterer. In the case of a wing chair or any similar piece of furniture, this pattern will necessarily be made in several sections, on each of which the design will be planned to fit within the outline.

The space afforded by the outside back and arms of a chair of this character gives a marvelous opportunity for decorative treatment, as the design can be handled continuously, seaming the widths of the material, if necessary, and working over the seam while doing the stitchery. With wide material—72-inch linen twill—however, seaming is usually unnecessary.

The treatment of the design on the chair illustrated is of particular interest in that while there is a stem arising from the hillocks at the center back and the motifs are carefully balanced on either side, there is sufficient variety in the character and arrangement of these motifs so that the two outside wing coverings are quite unlike one another. There is, for example, but one pagoda, and the leaf motifs, many of which are fully ten inches in diameter, are radically different from one another in form, coloring, and stitchery treatment.

On the front of the chair, although there is a central treatment of the design on both the inside back and the top of the loose cushion, the designs on the arm tops and inside wings are quite different from one another in arrangement and coloring.

The hillock base is planned to extend all the way around the base of the framework, which brings the weight of both the color and stitchery where it properly belongs. The hillock pattern also follows the front edge of the cushion top, again bringing the weight of the stitchery to strengthen the edge which will get the greatest wear.

Many of the priceless old crewel embroideries, which are preserved in both British and American museums, are worked throughout in shades of blues and greens, and I recall one very beautiful old hanging in the Victoria and Albert Museum at South Kensington executed entirely in solid long-and-short stitch in lovely shades of these two colors.

But, with the wide variety of colors now obtainable in crewel wools, the modern worker has almost an unlimited range from which to choose, intermingling them in various ways to suit her own particular fancy. As many as three or four lines of green are used when doing a large piece—the dull olive-greens, which have a brownish cast, for the main stems, the yellow-greens and sage-greens for the large motifs, and the more brilliant leaf-greens for the foliage and stems of the small flowers. Bottle-green also is useful and so is reseda. In the surfaces covered with successive rows of stitchery in a single color shaded from light to dark, it is often much more interesting to choose the toning from several different lines—as the bottle-greens, the olives, and the resedas—rather than to confine the shading to one line.

So far as stitchery is concerned, the variety of their combination is seemingly endless. This is why the English crewelwork is so individual and the same design can be worked out by two people in an entirely different manner. There is endless variety even in the selection of the stitches for the series of little hillocks, covering some with successive rows of blanket-stitch worked into one another in honeycomb effect, filling in others with parallel rows of outline-stitch worked horizontally in accord with the outline, and covering some with an open filling stitch, perhaps merely laid threads carried across the surface in both directions and couched down with a cross-stitch where the lines intersect. Rows of herringbone-stitch also can be used to cover these surfaces and chain-stitch or coral-stitch may be substituted for the parallel rows of outline, always remembering that the movement is horizontal.

The main stems may be filled in with parallel rows of outline or chain-stitch, working from the outlines in from both sides, or the centers may be filled in with close herringbone-stitch after doing the edges with two or more rows of outline. For an even more decorative effect the crossed lines of the herringbone stitchery may be couched down with contrasting color where they intersect, as in the pictured section of a design worked upon linen damask. Notice how prettily the filling stitchery of the branching stems connects to form a continuous pattern. In this instance the edges of the stems are done in shades of olive-green and the centers are filled with terra cotta couched down with a darker shade.

This detail also shows an interesting way of working a large leaf motif—undulating sections shaded with successive rows of couching in green and the surfaces between covered in flat satin stitch with light terra cotta, then crossed at intervals with parallel rows of two threads of dark terra cotta couched with blue.

Notice also the method of working the various smaller mo-

[*Please turn to page 220*]

The photograph on the preceding page is that of a chair in English crewelwork in the home of Mrs. L. E. Phaneuf, Chestnut Hill, Mass. The detail below, from the Studio of Mildred Mowll. Photographs by George H. Davis Studio

THE BATHROOM—Lesson one in home decoration

Esther Skaar Hansen

Do you remember Mehitabel's favorite expression in Don Marquis' classic, *Archy the Cockroach*, "Toujours gai, toujours gai, that's my motto"?

"Toujours gai, toujours gai," that's the theme song of this story on bathrooms. Think of the endless chain of mediocre, traditional bathrooms you've seen; the typical green tiled one, the "modernistic" orchid and black, or the one with realistic fish glaring at you from the side walls. Such uninteresting places to start the day showering and shaving or powdering the nose!

The bathroom is a grand place to begin the first simple steps in being your own decorator, a place where you can have as adventurous ideas as you want, and do it yourself.

Smart bathrooms this year are going into the color-with-white theme—the clear, high colors. They are filching ideas from the main rooms of the house in color schemes and decorative ideas. No longer is the bathroom reserved for the most conventional and traditional scheme. They've gone "high style" too.

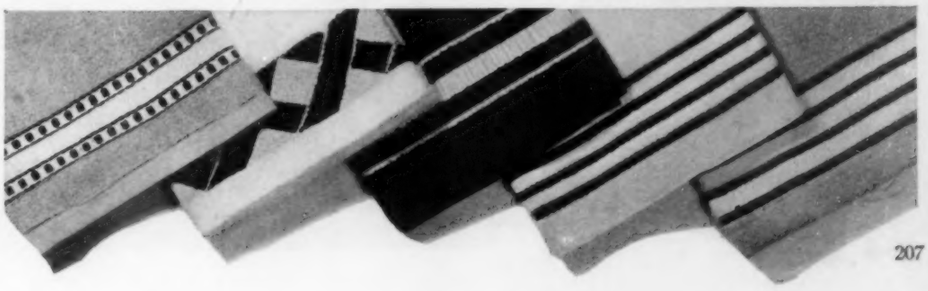
No matter if your tile looks shabby and worn, or if you are sick of the green. Did you know that any good enamel can change that to any color that you want, or even white? If your pet color is yellow, you needn't suppress it any longer, just get a quart of enamel. Applying it is just as easy as painting a kitchen chair.

After the tile question is settled, and you have decided to change the color of your tile or to keep it as it is, your next visit is to a wallpaper store. Don't bother to look at the papers designed expressly for bathrooms—they are mostly a trite and uninteresting lot. Ask to see the styled papers designed for any other room in the house. This is the group where a new and real creative spirit is being expressed. These papers are the big crux, along with paint, of the whole plot to make your bathroom an interesting room, not one simulating a laboratory.

Clear blues, and yellows, coral and aquamarine—this is where you will see the designs that will enable you to express any idea that you want. You can afford to buy the best papers, because the average bathroom only takes four rolls anyway. Most of the better-grade papers are now sunfast and washable. The washable part is the big boon to bathrooms because it means a wetting from the shower will not hurt it a bit, and it eliminates the old need of shellacking.

We've already found out about white—how crisp and fresh it is, and how it acts as a foil

Architectural importance is given the bathroom at left, above, by B. Altman & Co., with its Grecian border and pilasters in deep blue against snow white walls. Blue is used for shower curtain with monogram, Cellophane dressing table petticoat, glass in mirror shelves, and Lalique bottles and jars. Another Altman bathroom is circular, and is done in red, white, and black plaid wallpaper. The mirror dressing table has black legs, stool and hampers are black, lamps are white, and the rubberized silk shower curtain is white with red design



Two shades of blue mark the bath towel at the left; next it is a white towel with bold black plaid design; third is a dark blue towel with white border, and last is a pair of "Mr. and Mrs." towels, white with blue for "her" and blue with darker blue for "him." Cannon and Martex towels

for color, enhancing it and clarifying it. We've had a lot of it in our living room and bedrooms, and no place needs white more than the bathroom, or can use it more effectively. You may decide for yellow and brown as a novel color scheme . . . use white as the third accent . . . you'll be charmed with the effect.

And now just a word about decorative details before we talk about actual schemes. The hamper may be painted in the dominant color or in the accent color. You may decide to have big polka dots to match polka dot towels and bath rug. These may be painted in. You may like monograms—did you know that stencils for monograms can be bought right from any pattern department? They come as deep as nine inches, and the same monogram can be used on the towels and shower curtain as well.

Now for color schemes—clear, high colors such as red on white, blue on white or green on white. A simple and effective scheme can be built around this two-color plan. White tile, red and white paper, white shower curtain, and stiff white curtains at the windows, trimmed with red ball fringe. Doesn't that sound easy and effective to do?

If your bathroom adjoins an Early American bedroom, there certainly are plenty of papers for you. Hang dotted Swiss at the window with red [*Please turn to page 225*]

Walls of Carrara glass, a convenient arrangement of the lavatory between two sets of towel and dressing table shelves, and the lighting fixtures either side of the round mirror, are well worth noting in the bathroom to the left, above, which was designed by the Pittsburgh Plate Glass Company

At left: A toilet compact enough to fit under windows or cupboards is constructed entirely in one piece. A "Standard" fixture. Below: A new cabinet lavatory, the "Corwith," has to its credit not only good looks but the utilization of generally waste space. It is made by the Crane Co.

Center: An extra shelf can be supplied for the bathroom accessories by means of a top for the toilet water tank complete with guard rails. From Lewis & Conger

Center, below: A shower that can be installed in any bathroom at small cost. It is Crane's "Addenda." Kohler of Kohler have designed the "slash back" lavatory (in center), constructed so that water can't splash over the rim. It also has towel bars

Tones of gray combine in a classic design for Wall-tex wallcovering, shown below. The second pattern, of Sanitas, consists of natural color field flowers. Another classic motif of Wall-tex has a border design as well

Alternate strips of royal blue, orchid, and heather linoleum on the floor, and blue Linowall on the walls, beneath a gay bowknot wallpaper, help create the cheerful bathroom above. The dressing-table-shelf is a convenient feature. An Armstrong model bathroom

Left: Like so many rows of narrow fringe sewn together is a rug which can be had in bathroom colors. E. C. Carter & Son

Check list for your bathroom

John Fistere

DESPITE the husband's ancient bromide about not understanding what his wife does all day long, every housekeeper knows that the daily routine of essentials leaves little time for unordinary tasks. And yet the home, no less than the factory where a squad of men does nothing but keep the plant and its equipment in tip-top shape, requires periodic inspection of its working parts, periodic adjustment of its machinery to keep it in smooth running order. Undoubtedly the kitchen deserves first place in the maintenance schedule but not far behind is the bathroom—or bathrooms.

The increased prestige of the bathroom in the domestic scheme of things is due no less to engineering progress in the manufacture of fixtures than to the steady refinement of decorative materials. Even in the last three years there have been dozens of innovations. And as each one receives the stamp of acceptance, it tends to outmode existing bathrooms just a bit more. The last three years, for instance, have witnessed the introduction of:

PANEL UNITS: Primarily designed for remodeling, in which the tub, lavatory or water closet, is an integral part of the wall itself. These are, in effect, one of the early concrete evidences of the pre-fabrication that advanced housing thinkers talk about.

TUB DESIGNS: The newest space saver is the combination lavatory and tub, in which one end of the tub extends underneath the lavatory. Another development is the square-shaped unit, with the bathing recess running diagonally across it. Still a third innovation is the two-level tub for convenient sitting and child bathing.

LAVATORIES: The new lavatory is lighter in weight, of simplified design, either suspended from the wall, resting on a light pedestal, or on tubular stainless steel rods. It has wider ledges around the basin; the fittings, including a mixing faucet, are smarter in design. Medicine cabinets are recessed in the walls, with built-in lighting on either side.

WATER CLOSETS: The newer water closets, in keeping with the counsel of medical authorities, are lower than the old ones. Their flushing devices are quieter, and more sanitarily operated. Here, as in all the other fixtures, there is a marked improvement in design.

FLOORS, WALLS AND CEILING: New finish materials abound for the bathroom: linoleum in more interesting patterns, a host of composition materials that wear well and are waterproof; and colored glass for walls.

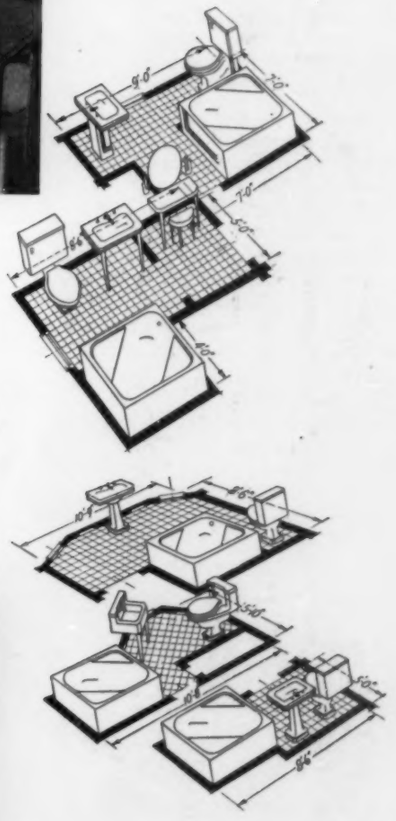
Bathroom improvement is not wholly dependent upon the amount of money that is put into it—and a careful check will probably reveal dozens of small things that can be done for little or no money. As a guide to the home owner, with or without much money to spend for improvements, the following questionnaire check list should prove useful. To use it properly, take a pencil in hand and go into the bathroom. Check against each question that you can answer for yourself. Submit those you can't answer to your architect, your contractor, or your plumber.

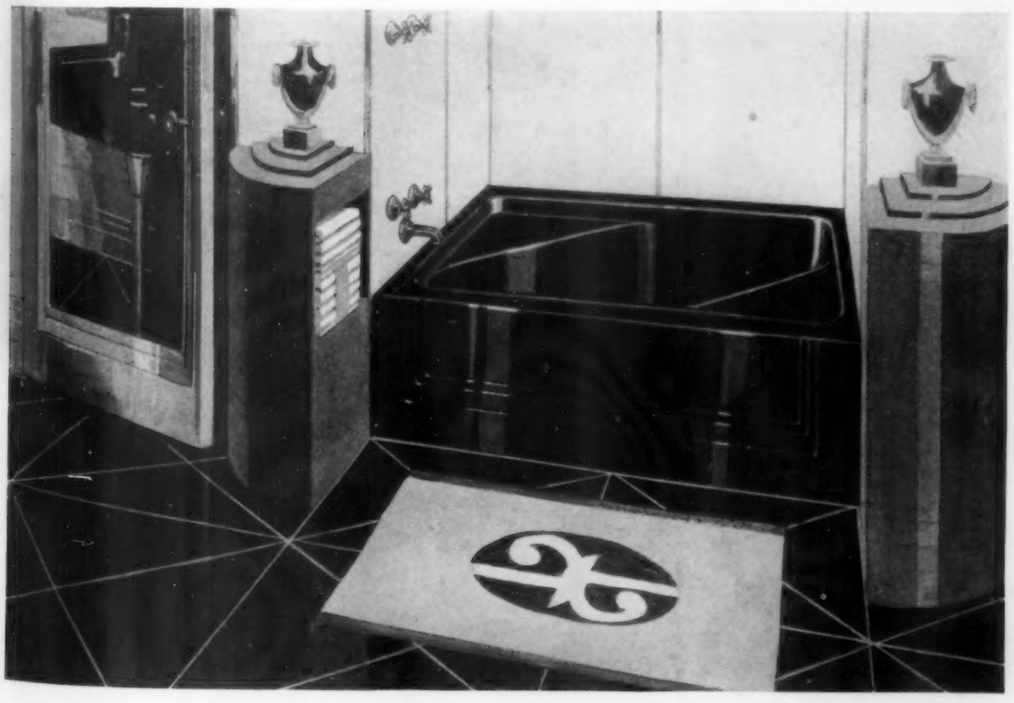
Number, Location, and Plan

1. Is there one bathroom for every three persons in the house? [*Please turn to page 219*]

The tub section of the bathroom shown above is done in green and black Linowall, set off effectively with silver shower curtains. Plain green Linowall serves for the other walls, the upper part finished in finger painting. Bathroom display by Lewis & Conger

Below: Miniature floor plans showing a number of ways in which the Neo-Angle tub, pictured below, fits into ordinary size bathrooms of various shapes





At left: The "Standard" Neo-Angle bathtub, which is four feet square, with two seats designed in opposite corners

Cream cheese in guise and disguise

Edith A. Wolf

At left, Cookie rolls; center, Nut balls; left below, Slices; right below, Cheese cake

CREAM cheese has come to be very versatile in the kitchen, since the discovery that it lends itself to easy metamorphosis. And though it is often unrecognizable as itself, it proves equally good in its varied transformations. Let us here and on the facing page consider some of them:

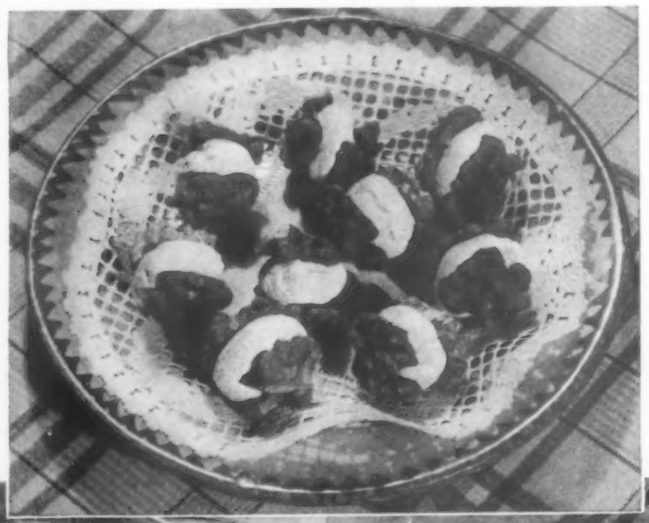
Blended with caviar and spread in and on top of tiny biscuits.

COOKIE ROLL—Spread about twenty-five chocolate cookies with cream cheese thinned with apple butter or jelly, and put them together sandwich fashion to form a long roll. Cover outside of roll with mixture also. Chill three hours. Slice diagonally in thin slices. (Illustrated.)

NUT BALLS—Form small balls of cream cheese and place between two walnut halves. Or make one large ball and roll in nuts. Or do the same with a cylinder of cheese and cut in slices to serve. (Illustrated at right.)

SLICES—Cut ends from dinner rolls, hollow out and stuff with cream cheese mixed with relish. Chill and slice in thin slices. (Illustrated directly below.)

CHEESE CAKE—Crush one half box of zwieback and blend with one tablespoonful melted butter and one tablespoonful sugar. Put in bottom of spring form. Sift one third cupful sugar, two tablespoonfuls flour, and a pinch of salt together. Into this work three three-ounce packages cream cheese, and one half teaspoonful vanilla, two egg yolks, and one half cupful milk. Mix well and fold in the stiffly beaten egg whites. Pour over the zwieback and bake in moderate oven (350° F.) for forty-five minutes. (Illustrated below.)



CHEESE JELLY—Soak one tablespoonful gelatin in two tablespoonfuls cold water and dissolve over hot water. Blend with one half pound cream cheese and one pint cream whipped stiff. Put in oiled mold to chill and unmold. Form may be decorated with parsley and maraschino cherries before filling. Serve with salad.

ROLLS—Make a paste of cream cheese and grated horseradish and spread on slices of chipped beef. Roll up tightly and slice the roll in two-inch lengths.

DEVONSHIRE (alias Cream Cheese)—Beat cream cheese light with a little cream and serve with strawberries.

ICING—Three ounces cream cheese, two or three tablespoonfuls milk, two cupfuls powdered sugar, two squares melted chocolate and a pinch of salt all well blended.

CHOCOLATE SAUCE—Blend cream cheese, cocoa and cream to moisten, sweeten with powdered sugar. Or use chocolate syrup instead of cocoa and sugar.

SALAD—Combine one package lime gelatin made according to directions with one three-ounce package cream [*Please turn to page 228*]

Six more disguises for the versatile cream cheese

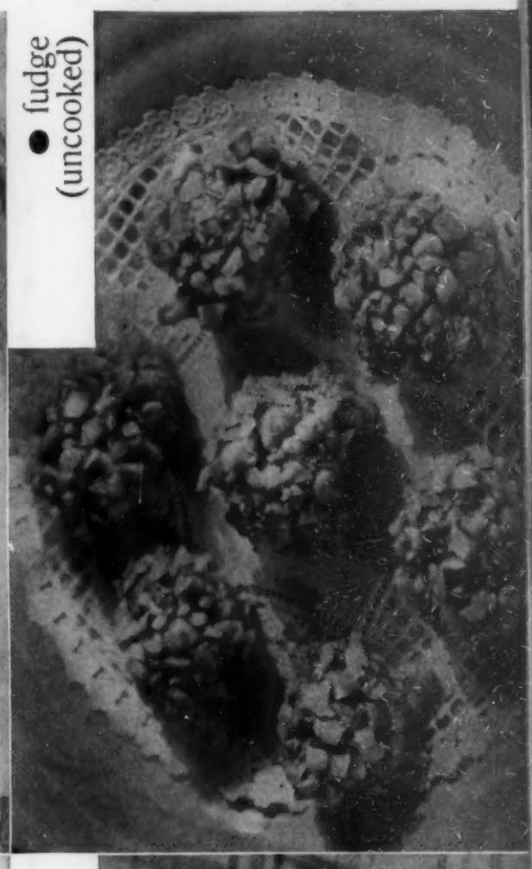
Recipe printed on back of each photograph

● mushrooms (cream cheese)

Recipe printed on back of each photograph

● gingerbread filling

Recipe printed on back of each photograph



● fudge (uncooked)

● cookies

● berries (cream cheese)

● petal salad

F. M. Demarest

Six more disguises for the versatile cream cheese

Photograph printed on back of each recipe

● petal salad

Small firm tomatoes (hollowed out)
Shredded cabbage
Chopped celery
Chopped pickles
Mayonnaise
Cream cheese
Lettuce

MIX cabbage, celery, pickles, pulp of tomatoes, and add mayonnaise to moisten. Fill hollowed tomatoes with the above mixture. Fill a teaspoon with cream cheese; level, press against lower part of tomato, and pull down, leaving a petal of cream cheese on the tomato. Serve on lettuce.

Tested by THE AMERICAN HOME

● fudge (uncooked)

6 three-ounce packages cream cheese
3 squares bitter chocolate (melted)
2 cupfuls sugar
1 teaspoonful vanilla
1 beaten egg

MASH cream cheese, add chocolate, sugar, vanilla and egg. Form into roll, chill and cut; or chill, form into small balls and roll in chopped nuts.

Tested by THE AMERICAN HOME

● berries (cream cheese)

Cream cheese
Caviar
Paprika or red sugar
Parsley

FORM small balls of cream cheese. Roll in caviar and press gently to resemble blackberries. Or shape like strawberry and roll in paprika or red sugar. Stick sprig of parsley in the end.

Tested by THE AMERICAN HOME

● gingerbread filling

2 three-ounce packages cream cheese
¼ cupful milk
1 cupful dates (chopped)
½ cupful nuts (chopped)

MASH cream cheese and add milk, working to smooth paste. Add dates and nuts and spread between layers of gingerbread.

Tested by THE AMERICAN HOME

● cookies

½ package (3-oz. size) cream cheese
¼ pound butter
½ cupful flour
1 teaspoonful vanilla
Chopped nuts and sugar, or almonds, or candied cherries

MIX cream cheese and butter, add flour and flavoring. Form into a roll, wrap in waxed paper and chill in refrigerator several hours, or over night. Slice very thin, sprinkle with chopped nuts and sugar, or press a piece of almond or candied cherry in the center. Bake in a hot oven (450° F.) for 10 minutes and then turn heat down to 300° F. When sizzling stops, they are done.

Tested by THE AMERICAN HOME

● mushrooms (cream cheese)

Thinly sliced bread
Soft butter
Cream cheese
Chopped nuts (optional)

SPREAD bread with butter, roll like jelly roll, and cut into inch lengths. Top with small ball of cream cheese, shaped like mushroom cap. Cap may be rolled in chopped nuts if desired.

Tested by THE AMERICAN HOME

Photograph printed on back of each recipe

Photograph printed on back of each recipe

Salads that tempt

Nutrition experts keep telling us how good lettuce and other leafy vegetables are for us. We know it—but try and coax the family to eat their portion! Salads that tempt the eye and intrigue the palate are the answer—especially in summer.—GERTRUDE GERMOND

Recipe printed on back of each photograph

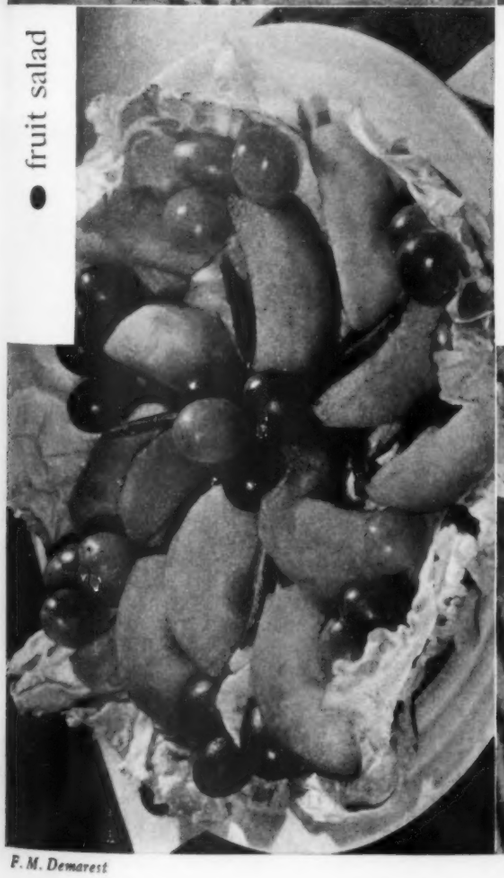
● luncheon salad

Recipe printed on back of each photograph

● cottage cheese salad

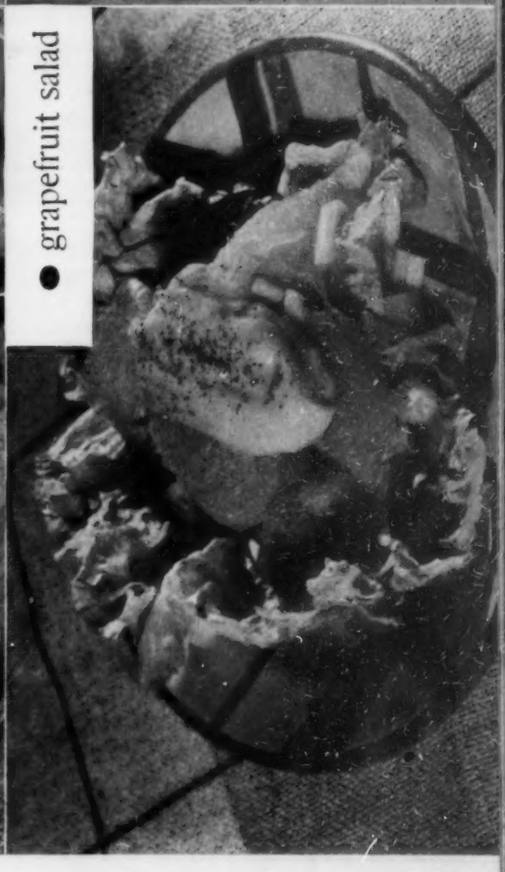
Recipe printed on back of each photograph

● jellied chicken salad



● fruit salad

● cabbage salad



● grapefruit salad

F. M. Demarest

Tested by The American Home

Tested by The American Home

Salads that tempt

With the crispest of lettuce and the tastiest of dressings, here are more than a dozen suggestions for summer salads. Do not stint on the quality of your salad dressings—a salad is so cheap, there is no need to use so-called substitutes in this important part of any salad.—GERTRUDE GERMOND

Photograph printed on back of each recipe

● grapefruit salad

Grapefruit
Celery
Onion
Lettuce

COMBINE grapefruit, chopped celery and chopped onion. Arrange on bed of lettuce. Serve with mayonnaise or French dressing.

* * *

Another crisp, easily made salad is shredded lettuce combined with thinly sliced onions, cucumbers, avocados, or any combination of these three. Just at serving time, pour over a mixture of weakened vinegar, sugar, pepper and salt or your favorite salad dressing. In the tropics, they cut avocados in half, as one does a melon, and serve them with a thick French dressing. Simple—but delicious.

Tested by THE AMERICAN HOME

Photograph printed on back of each recipe

● jellied chicken salad

Cold chicken (diced)
Celery
Peas
Nuts
Stuffed olives
Lemon gelatine
1 cupful hot water
1 cupful cold water
Lettuce

JELLIED salads are always festive looking. Besides the one given below, there is an all-green salad that's very handsome looking for a luncheon. Lime gelatine is used together with cooked string beans, green onion tops and green pepper. This looks best molded in a large fancy mold, so that vegetables need not be cut up until the guests have had time to admire it "whole."

Dissolve gelatine in hot water, then add cold water. Chill until it begins to thicken, then add chicken, celery, peas, nuts, olives. Pour into oiled ring mold and allow to harden. Unmold on serving plate, surround with lettuce, and serve with mayonnaise or any desired dressing.

Tested by THE AMERICAN HOME

Photograph printed on back of each recipe

● cabbage salad

Shredded cabbage
Celery
Dates
Nuts
Lettuce

CABBAGE is fast being recognized as a valuable vegetable, especially when raw. We do grow tired of it in cole slaw, but here is a salad that is a bit different.

Combine equal parts of cabbage, celery, dates, and nuts. Moisten with mayonnaise, and pile lightly on lettuce.

* * *

Another colorful cabbage combination is cabbage, cooked string beans and carrots, with shreds of green pepper and onion.

Tested by THE AMERICAN HOME

● cottage cheese salad

Cottage cheese
Pimiento
Lettuce

COTTAGE cheese is a healthful food which combines well with raw vegetables. It can be used to stuff tomatoes, as well as in the manner described below.

Chop pimiento and mix with cottage cheese. Pile on a nest of lettuce and serve. This needs no dressing, but one may be used if desired.

Tested by THE AMERICAN HOME

Photograph printed on back of each recipe

● fruit salad

Apples
1 cupful sugar
1 cupful water
3 tablespoonfuls cinnamon candies (red)
Tokay grapes
White grapes
Lettuce

PEEL apples and cut in eighths. Make syrup of sugar, water and cinnamon candies, cooking until candies are completely dissolved. Place apples in syrup. Cook slowly until they are just done, turning once or twice so that they may color well. Drain, and when cold, place on lettuce leaves with seeded Tokay and white grapes and sliced pitted dates. Serve with fruit or French dressing.

* * *

Tokay grapes give delightful color to another fruit salad. Fill the cavities in canned pears with cream cheese. Cover the whole surface of the cheese with seeded Tokay grapes, arranged as much as possible to resemble a bunch of grapes.

Tested by THE AMERICAN HOME

● luncheon salad

Kidney beans
Hard-boiled eggs
Chopped sweet pickles
Walnuts
Lettuce

HERE is a rather hearty luncheon or supper salad which can form the main dish of the meal.

Combine kidney beans, chopped pickles, and walnuts. Pile on lettuce and arrange egg slices around base. Serve with mayonnaise or highly seasoned French dressing.

* * *

Another combination is composed of shrimps, celery, green peas, hard-boiled eggs garnished with tiny wedges of tomato and slices of cucumber.

Tested by THE AMERICAN HOME

Exciting things have happened in the art of salad-making

Josephine Gibson

SALAD days are here again. Of course the salad has become a year-round mealtime pleasure, but with us now is the season when the salad blossoms forth in fresh new frocks of color and of flavor.

But here's the news. Things have happened in the art of making salads. Salads which last year we thought were rather good, are today, compared with those the new technique brings, merely lower steps on the stairway to perfection. Almost overnight these new salad secrets have flashed upon the scene to give you salad possibilities you've never dreamed of.

The whole thing becomes simplicity itself on the pages of a new exciting book of recipes and grand ideas—a book which the many who are using it call "a course in salad wizardry."

It is the new *Heinz Salad Book*. Let's see what's in it. There are 36 thrilling dressing recipes, created from three basic formulas—ingenious *photo-recipes* which checkmate risk of failure.

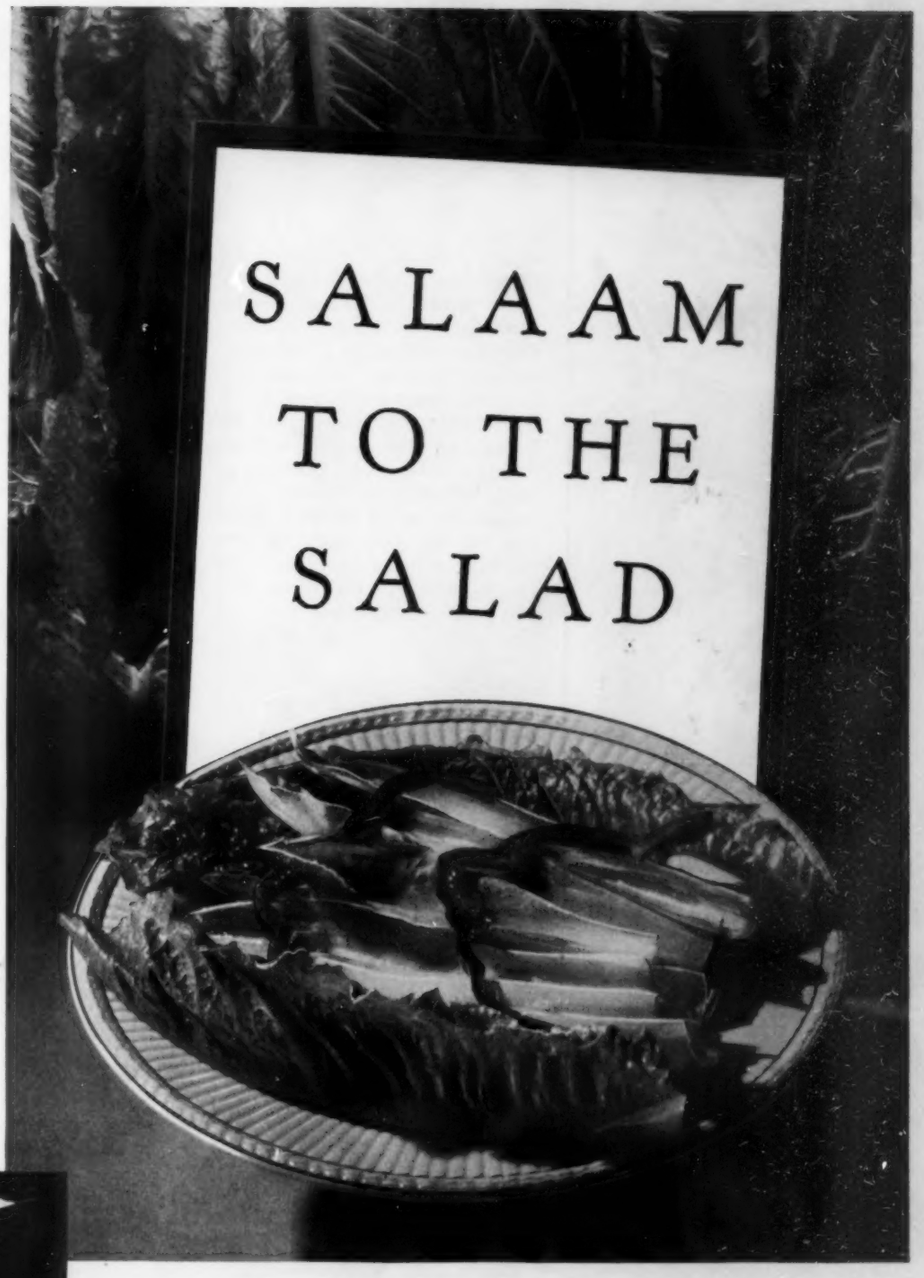
There are 97 modern salad recipes—confections which make ordinary salads seem downright old-fashioned. There are quick, easy ways to conjure tantalizing cocktail sauces, canapés, hors d'oeuvres, sandwiches and other smart-party novelties for afternoon and evening entertaining.

This book—this key to scintillating salads—is available for 10 cents. Why so little? Well, frankly, to induce you to try Heinz vinegars, Heinz imported olive oil and the many other salad uplifters of the *57 Varieties*. Our work in the Heinz experimental kitchen has revealed a wealth of salad magic in, for instance, Heinz tomato ketchup, Heinz chili sauce, Heinz olives, Heinz India relish, Heinz pickled onions, Heinz prepared mustard, Heinz tomato juice, Heinz fresh cucumber pickle and Heinz peanut butter. Wonders can be worked with such things as macaroons, bacon, cheeses, gelatin and ginger ale.

And Heinz vintage vinegars, because of their mellow, "blendy" nature, inject a "lift" into dressings which is lacking when ordinary vinegars are used. The reason is, of course, that Heinz *ages* vinegar *in the wood* for many months—a secret borrowed from the vintners of France.

Heinz imported olive oil is the pure oil of choice plump olives, fresh from Castilian groves, pressed near the groves at Heinz own establishment in Seville. Merely that.

Will you enter these new adventures in the art of modern saladry? I promise, if you do, that those who gather round your table will acclaim your pioneering spirit. And it's all so easy. By return mail I will place upon your kitchen table this "course in salad wizardry." Do send for this book now. One glance through it will vindicate my enthusiasm. Merely send me a dime. Josephine Gibson, Dept. 112, H. J. Heinz Company, Pittsburgh, Pa.



One of the hundred attractive pages from the Heinz Salad Book.

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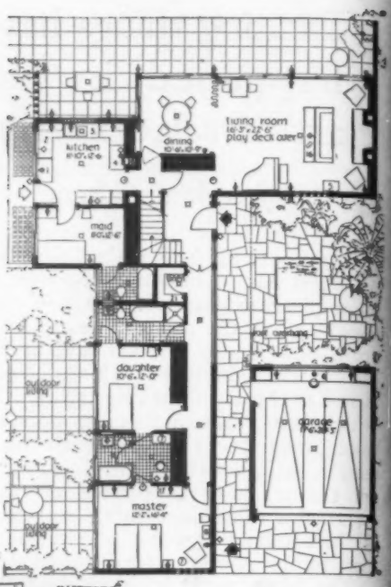
A new way of living

Kathryn McGrath

THE late Raymond Hood will no doubt be longest remembered for his skyscrapers—Rockefeller Center and the Daily News Building in New York, and the Tribune Tower in Chicago. But it is probable that his greatest influence on the architecture of America will be in the planning of small houses. It was he who crystallized the rather jumbled thinking of his colleagues in the planning of what he called "The Garden House," the house that was more garden than building, the house that recognized the growing tendency on the part of American suburban and small town home owners to live as much outdoors as indoors.

Probably neither he, nor anyone else, could really be called the sole parent of this new expression of American living. It is significant, however, that the form he was striving for has been so frequently employed since his death a few months ago.

So widespread has been the growth of the new thought in home planning that in the recent nation-wide General Electric Home Competition, fully three-quarters of the designs submitted were obviously of this new type. They varied in detail, they varied in the planning, but all expressed certain fundamental differences from the old theories of planning. Taken together, they constitute what could be called a style, but what would more properly be called a new way of living.



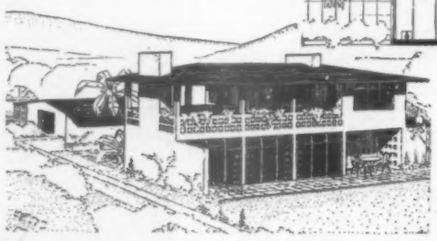
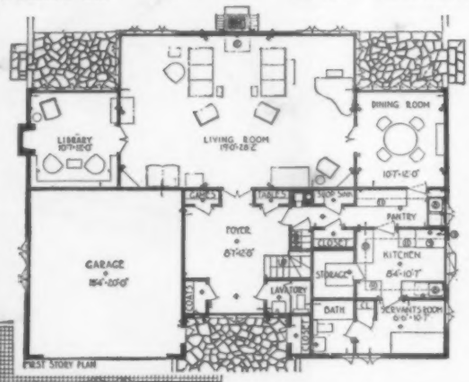
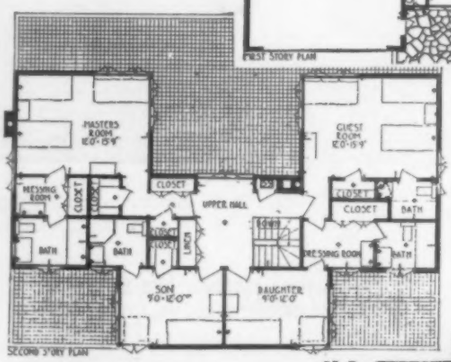


Figure 1

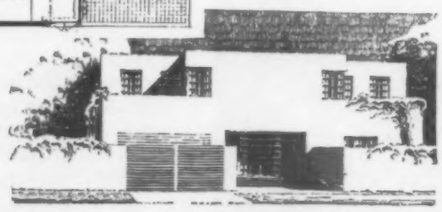
Designed by Paul Schweikher and Theo. W. Lamb





Designed by John Donald Tuttle

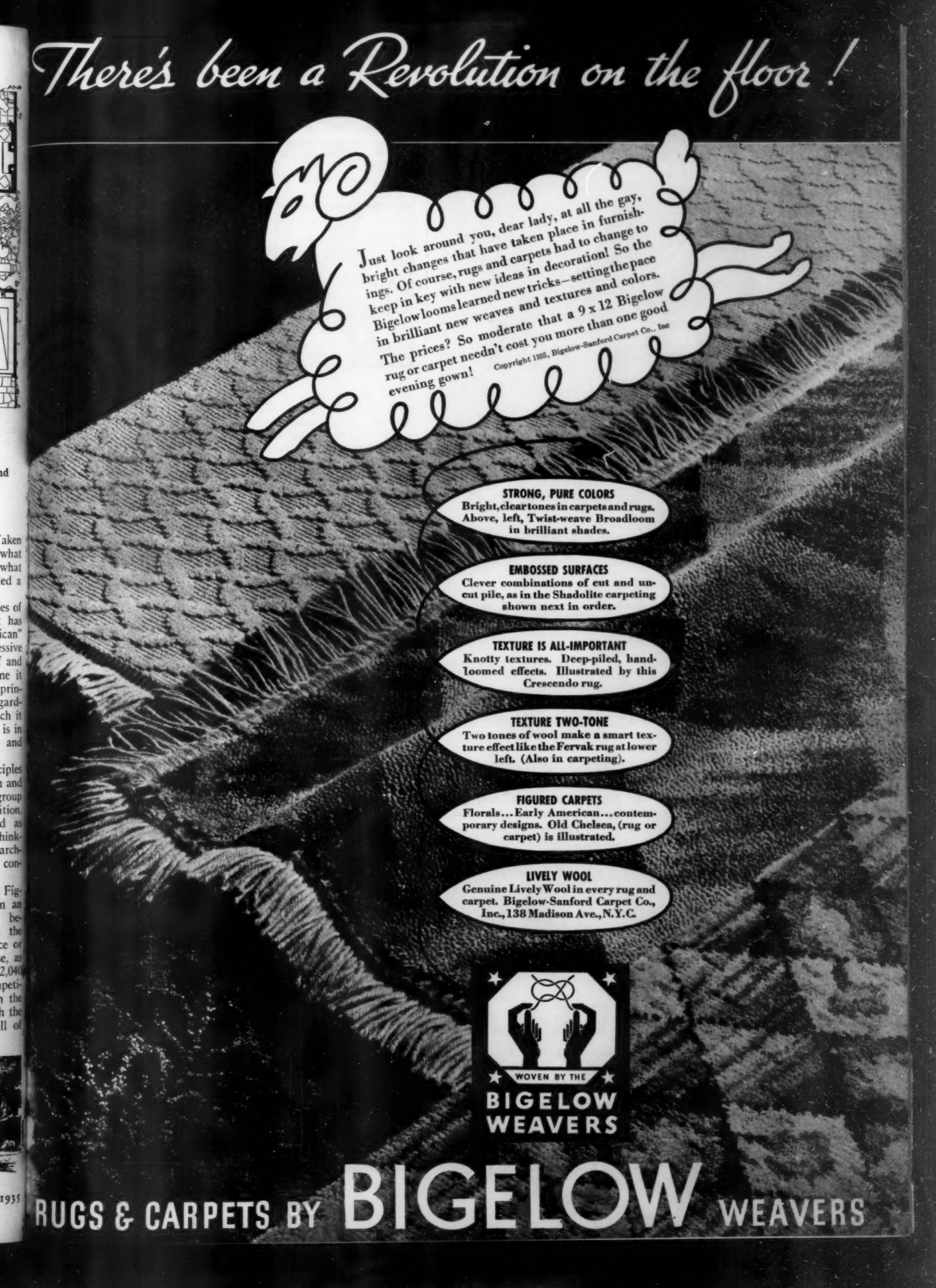
Figure 2



Designed by H. T. Lindeberg and D. Neilinger

Figure 3

The first, as illustrated in Figure 1, is the insistence upon an almost uninterrupted flow between the living room on the ground floor, and the terrace or garden outside. In this house, as in 95 per cent of all the 2,040 houses submitted in the competition, the intercourse between the two is brought about through the use of as nearly a full wall of


There's been a Revolution on the floor!
Just look around you, dear lady, at all the gay, bright changes that have taken place in furnishings. Of course, rugs and carpets had to change to keep in key with new ideas in decoration! So the Bigelow looms learned new tricks—setting the pace in brilliant new weaves and textures and colors. The prices? So moderate that a 9 x 12 Bigelow rug or carpet needn't cost you more than one good evening gown!
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Bright, clear tones in carpets and rugs. Above, left, Twist-weave Broadloom in brilliant shades.
EMBOSSED SURFACES
Clever combinations of cut and uncut pile, as in the Shadolite carpeting shown next in order.
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Knotty textures. Deep-piled, hand-loomed effects. Illustrated by this Crescendo rug.
TEXTURE TWO-TONE
Two tones of wool make a smart texture effect like the Fervak rug at lower left. (Also in carpeting).
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Z. K. Greene,
Middletown, N. Y.

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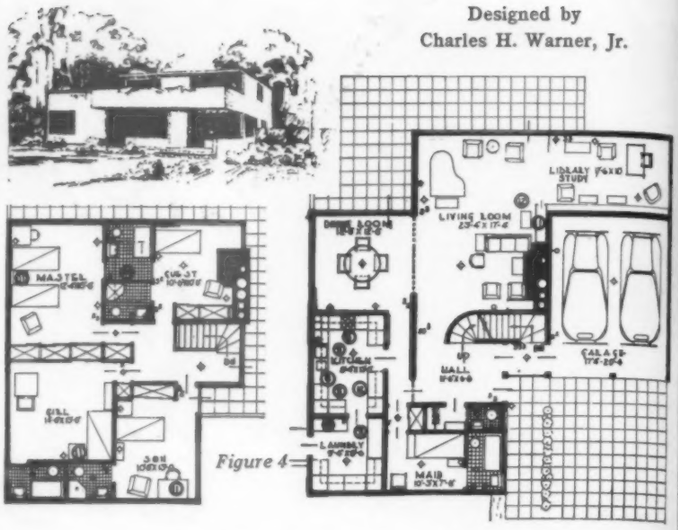


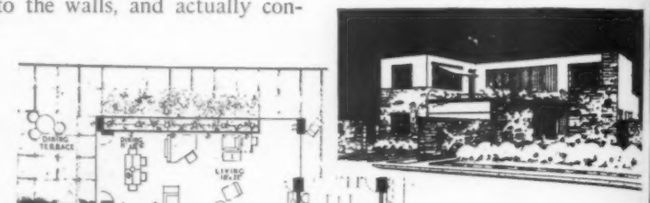
Designed by
Charles H. Warner, Jr.

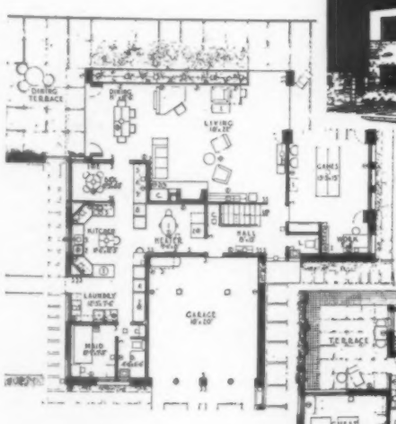
Figure 4

glass as current construction methods make practicable. In some of the houses, the glass wall was nothing more than a series of French windows. In others it was a wall of glass brick; still others had panels of glass that slid back into the walls, and actually converted the living room into a semi-outdoor space.

The same feeling for close relationship between the indoors and outdoors is evidenced by a typical second floor treatment, as shown in Figure 2, which was granted a second prize in the competition. Each of the bedrooms is given its own terrace, with French doors opening onto it from the bedroom. In some of the houses, open sun decks on the second floor were

Figure 5





Designed by
J. Andre Fouilhoux and
Don E. Hatch

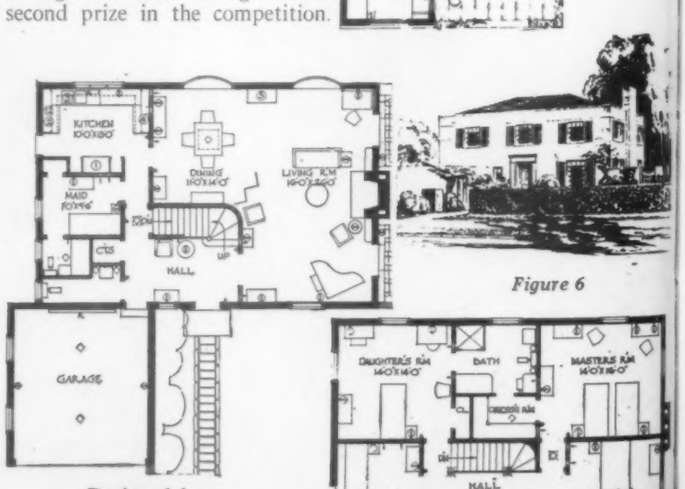


Figure 6

Designed by
Arthur Martini and
Jonas Pendlebury

shared by all members of the family. That such treatment is not necessarily accompanied by the flat roof around which there is so much controversy today is shown in Figure 3. True, the pitch of the roof has been reduced, but this is a logical adaptation, because the steeply pitched roof was an essential in rural areas, where central heating was unknown, and where snow piled up to great heights if the steep pitch were not present to drain it off.

A necessary complement to the close relationship between the living room and the garden is the placement of the living room at the back of the house rather than at the front. Such a procedure will not find immediate acceptance by most home owners; but if the advantages of such a plan are weighed against the advantages of maintaining the traditional arrangement, the new thinking is likely to win out.

After all, if there is to be the desirable flowing of house into garden and garden into house, it doesn't do much good to have the garden at the front of the house, where passersby and neighbors are apt to become too informed about the family relaxations. Such a scheme does not necessarily call for an uninviting entrance hall, or any of the other inconveniences that might at first seem unavoidable. The principal entrance at the side is probably the best solution to the problem, but there are other ways that it can be overcome. One of the best is that suggested in Figure 4. Here the kitchen is placed at the northeastern corner of the house, where it can receive a generous share of morning sun, and not be completely without sun the rest of the afternoon. It is convenient to the front door, and in a servantless house, the advantages of such an arrangement are apparent.

A second major alteration in planning practice is almost inevitable when the living room is placed at the back, and that is the location of the garage either at the side or the front. True, this may seem detrimental to the appearance of the house, but the plan suggested in Figure 5 indicates how this may be overcome. And think of the increased garden space when the garage is taken out of the back yard.

A no less omnipresent element in the "New American" Home is the greatly increased size and use of the living room. The old tradition was to separate the living spaces into front parlor and back parlor or in more elegant homes, into parlor, music room, library, sitting room, sewing room, etc. Today there is more intimacy in family life. The presence of mother and father in the living room, for instance, no longer sig-

[*Please turn to page 224*]

Check list for your bathroom

[*Continued from page 209*]

2. If one bath serves more than one bedroom, is it readily accessible from each room without having to pass through the other?
3. Would the installation of a downstairs washroom facilitate matters?
4. Is the room too small? Could a change in the location of fixtures increase the free space? Is there a little-used space adjoining that could be added to the bathroom?
5. Is the space too large? Would a separate shower compartment be useful? Could a part of the space be partitioned off as a dressing alcove? Or as a linen closet?
6. Could the water closet be partitioned off by itself?

Design

1. Are there unconcealed pipes on the walls or ceiling?
2. Is there a minimum amount of dust-catching mouldings?
3. Is the window high enough so that it permits privacy and also prevents draughts?
4. If there is no window, is there some other form of ventilation?

Walls, Floor and Ceiling

1. Is the flooring in good condition? Is it really waterproof? Easy to keep clean? Too rough for bare feet? Too cold? Attractive in appearance?
2. If tile, are any pieces cracked or missing? Permanently marred? Joints need filling?
3. If linoleum or rubber tile, are there any worn spots? If in good condition, could it be painted or varnished?
4. If wood or cement, could a new tile, rubber or linoleum flooring be installed?
5. Are walls really waterproof and dampproof?
6. Are they easy to keep clean?
7. If there is a wainscot, is it in good repair? Does the top of the wainscot catch dust?
8. Has ceiling been marred by steam?

Fixtures and Fittings

1. Are fixtures outmoded? If not, are they in good repair?
2. Is water closet silent flush, wall type with siphon jet valve?
3. Is lavatory wall suspended or pedestal type, or is it table type with stainless steel legs? Has it ample ledge space, and an ample bowl?
4. Does tub have a shower attachment? Is tub built into the floor to make it low enough to get in and out conveniently?

Fittings

1. Is plating worn off?
2. Do faucets need new washers?

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3. Do fittings operate perfectly?
4. Are there ample towel bars, soap dishes, cabinet space? Is toilet paper holder convenient? Are all accessories fastened well to the walls?

Heating

1. Is room adequately heated?
2. Is radiator or pipe so located as to avoid accidental burns?
3. Is an auxiliary electric heater needed?

Water Supply and Drainage

1. Is pressure adequate?
2. Is hot water supply instantaneous and adequate, even for abnormal needs?
3. Is water clear?
4. Is water too hard for easy lathering?
5. Are there any leaks?
6. Are waste pipes large enough for quick discharge?
7. Is drainage system free from clogging?
8. Is there any return of sewer gas through drainage pipes?

Probably no bathroom in the world, except those model bathrooms in model houses, could score 100 per cent on the basis of this questionnaire. But it does suggest a program of bathroom modernization that will fit any size budget or pocketbook.

Embroidered upholstery textiles

[*Continued from page 206*]

tifs, the way the shading is treated and the rows of coral-stitch forming the acorn cups.

As this sample is a nice example of the variety of form, stitchery and color treatment characteristic of modern English crewel embroidery, it may be interesting to analyze it and learn how the different effects are achieved.

There are the large leaf motifs, already referred to, done in two contrasting stitch methods—surfaces covered with successive rows of couching shaded from light to dark which frame sections of vertical satin stitch couched horizontally with contrasting color.

Intermingled with them are smaller leaf motifs of varied form, some done in long-and-short stitch in shades of one color, others shaded horizontally with three contrasting colors (in this instance yellow, gray, and blue from tip to base in the order mentioned) are worked in what is known as fishbone-stitch, and contrasting with these are yet other forms outlined and filled with stitchery in contrasting colors.

There are the trefoils blocked off with perpendicular and horizontal threads, each alternating space then covered with a vertical cross-stitch in a contrasting color worked over the laid threads, so as to hold them in place, and then these crosses in turn held at the centers with small diagonal crosses in a third color. French knots in a fourth color (matching the coral-stitch outline) dot the intervening spaces.

Another small leaf, also outlined with coral-stitch, is blocked off diagonally with laid threads in a second color, crossed at the intersections with a third color and the spaces then filled with satin-stitch diamonds in a fourth color.

And then there is a third form of filling done in two different types of stitchery on either side of the mid vein—one half connecting rows of blanket-stitch (honeycomb) shading light to dark from vein to edge and the other half outlined and filled with rows of alternating satin-stitch blocks in one color.

There are also three varieties of small flowers in this design. The bell-shaped ones with petals filled in with cretan or long-armed feather-stitch in one color—petaled forms done in satin-stitch with three contrasting tones of one color arranged in rotation—and still another worked in shaded long-and-short stitch.

These combinations are but suggestive of others that may be developed by the ingenious and skillful needleworker.

Designs for crewel embroidered upholstery purposes are necessarily done to order to meet individual requirements and background materials and yarns chosen to harmonize with the color scheme of the room in which the piece of furniture is to be used. If you are using linen twill, remember to shrink it before applying the pattern. It will not be necessary to worry about the damask, as the texture of this fabric is loose enough to stretch even should it shrink a little in the process of working the design.

Note: There is a new *Dictionary of Embroidery Stitches* on the market, selling for $2, and very worthwhile. William Morrow & Co., publisher.

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MOP-IT-ON *The Varnish that Needs No Brush*

My dear Kate,

I HAVE been having a siege with the dentist. Everything in shape now, but how I loathe the whole business. The idea now (and I think it is an excellent one) is to start taking a child at an early age, so that he becomes quite accustomed to all the strange paraphernalia. Having seen that his parent is not in the least frightened, he thinks it's all a game. To be quite frank, it's no fun at all for us grownups. I didn't dare frown at the sight of the buzzing, demon drill, nor gasp when hot air was shot into an aching void. Judy thought it all very lovely and on her first visit, watched everything with much interest. While I sat waiting for something to dry, with my mouth full of cotton, the suction gadget hanging over my lip and several clips and braces inserted so that I couldn't close my mouth, Dr. Hawley made Judy a doll out of a cotton roll, similar to those I held so lovingly in my cheek! He fuzzed the cotton all out on top, for hair and used iodine to mark the face and dental floss for arms and legs. Judy was so completely entranced with the creature that she insisted upon taking it home and eventually into her bath. That was the end of her doll baby, but by that time she was completely Dr. Hawley's slave and very pleased to return to him. On her next visit she was given several rides up and down in the chair, with the head rest adjusted to her height and Dr. Hawley counted her teeth, etc., etc. She

loved it and I shall continue to take her with me until she is old enough to have her teeth cleaned.

Having gotten her interested in teeth, Alec built her a small, crude stool so that she can reach the wash basin and brush her own teeth. She does it all alone twice a day and I do them for her, with salt as a dentifrice, once a day.

Judy manages her mug with fair success for one her age, but we are always subject to accidents. When they do occur, a goodly amount of milk is apt to be spilled and I have found the bibs we have been using inadequate to absorb the quantity spilled. I had some scraps of the heavy quilted material used for bedpads and I have cut these into bibs, bound them with bias binding, and appliquéd small calico figures. They are gay enough to please Judy and will absorb a great deal of liquid. I have found them most satisfactory and am sending you three for your smallest.

I am never quite sure which holds the most merits—our breath of sea air from the Sound, or your delightful hills. I only know that I should like to have an opportunity to have a long, long gossip with you again.

Lovingly,

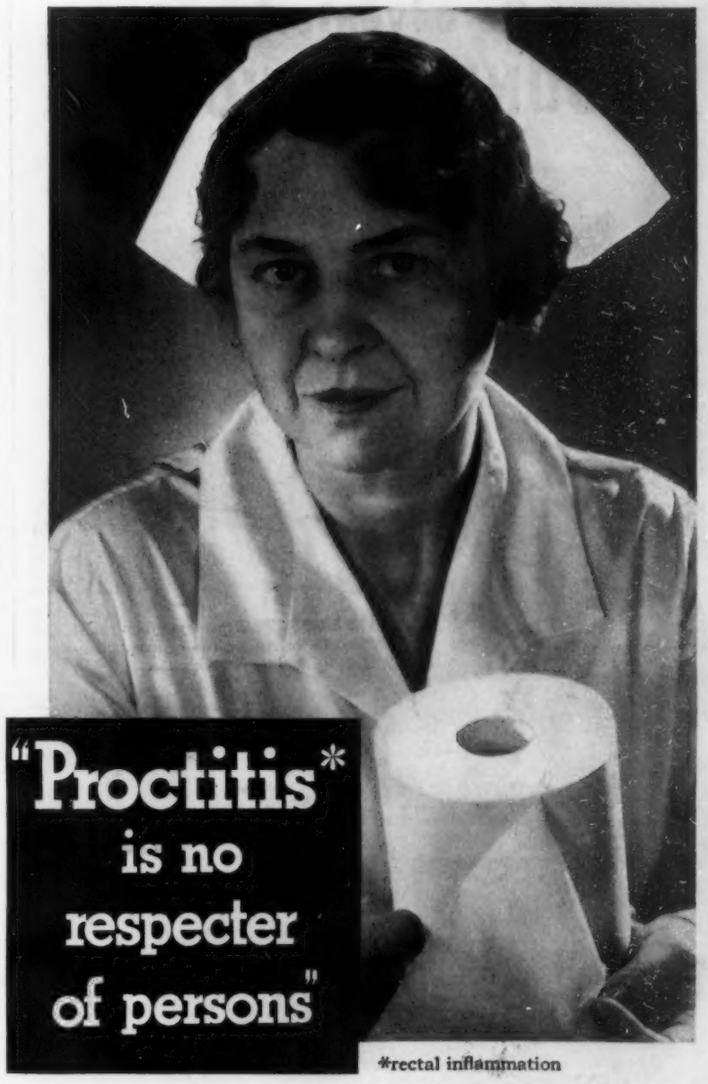
LIB.

ON REVIEW

Books for fishermen; books for children

Salmon Tactics: with especial attention to the free waters of Nova Scotia and New Brunswick. By Percy E. Nobbs, published by Houghton, Mifflin Co. A charming account of fishing experiences by a first-rate fisherman, as well as a sound handbook of fishing practice. Those readers planning a short trip north, will do well to consult this book, for it is a useful guide to the salmon streams of Nova Scotia and New Brunswick, including many little-known rivers not controlled by clubs, and to which a fisherman can have access. Illustrated by the author, a gifted artist as well as first-rate fisherman. $3.

For Children: A new publishing idea is the Thorndike Library, put out by D. Appleton-Century Company. Edited by Dr. Thorndike, a noted educator, the first set is adapted for children of about nine years of age, and with Dr. Thorndike's modification, permit children of this age to read the stories with understanding and pleasure, with none of the old difficult vocabularies and confusing constructions. The first set, listed below, gives much practice in the 2500 words which Dr. Thorndike's wide investigations have shown to be most widely used in literature and necessary to every child. The first set will be followed by others intended for higher age levels that will progressively increase the child's interest in literature, along with his vocabulary. Each volume is attractively bound, and illustrated by a famous child's artist. Each volume, $1.50, a sensible price for a child's book. Titles, *Andersen's Fairy Tales; Black Beauty; Pinocchio; Nathaniel Hawthorne's Wonder Book; The Little Lame Prince and the Water Babies; Heidi.*



*rectal inflammation

says Beulah France, R. N.

—well-known health authority

EXPECTANT MOTHERS . . . elderly people . . . babies . . . business men—*ALL* need the protection of soft, safe toilet tissue.

"Unfortunately," says Mrs. France, "this need is not usually realized until some member of a household suffers severe discomfort.

"I do not mean that poor-quality toilet tissue actually causes rectal trouble. But it does aggravate such conditions—often quite seriously.

"In any home where there are children or elderly people, it is *especially* important to make sure the bathroom is equipped only with a toilet tissue that is absolutely harmless.

"Good health is a precious possession. Don't run any risk of losing it."

TAKE NO CHANCES in *your* home. Always insist on ScotTissue or Waldorf—the *health* tissues.

These two tissues are soft and highly absorbent. They will not irritate even a baby's tender skin. Yet—they really cost no more than ordinary, inferior brands. Scott Paper Co., Chester, Pa.

ONLY 2 SCOTT TISSUES

Scott Paper Company makes only 2 brands of toilet tissue. Remember the names. Accept no substitutes. Insist on either SCOTTISSUE (white) or WALDORF (cream-colored).

Go adventuring
ROUND THE WORLD
this year!

A Game *of shuffleboard is usually followed by a plunge in the outdoor pool on President Liners.*

The Blue Express *speeds you from Shanghai to Peking, one of many thrilling sidetrips you can make.*

At Nikko *in Japan you'll see the famous monkeys—"hear no evil, speak no evil, see no evil."*

Manila *native women often puff merrily away at big black cigars!*

$854 is the First Class fare Round the World on President Liners

A world cruise by President Liner is the finest adventure you can have! For these ships let you stopover anywhere in their 26,000-mile itinerary—make sidetrips to thrilling places off the beaten path—then continue on the next or a later President Liner. You can circle the globe in as little as 104 days (85 days if you cross America by rail). Or you may take up to two full years.

21 ports—14 countries • President Liners sail every week from New York and California via Hawaii and the Sunshine Route—and every other week from Seattle via the Short Route—to the Orient, thence Round the World. You travel at all times on ships of the same fleet, enjoying a luxurious outside stateroom all the way.

See your travel agent for details about this and other President Liner services: between New York and California via the Panama Canal; and roundtrips to the Orient at low summer fares. Or see any of our offices: 604 Fifth Avenue, New York; 110 So. Dearborn St., Chicago; Statler Bldg., Boston; 311 California St., San Francisco; 514 W. Sixth St., Los Angeles; Transportation Building, Washington, D. C., Toronto, Cleveland, Seattle, Tacoma, Portland, Oakland, San Diego, Vancouver and Victoria, B. C.

DOLLAR STEAMSHIP LINES AND AMERICAN MAIL LINE

Down to the sea in ships

Dorothy Robinson

It was Bess, wandering about in a library in a village in Maine, who gave me the idea.

"What on earth do you want to read *Two Years Before the Mast* for, Bess?"

"Oh, it sounded cool on a hot day," she answered lightly.

Books, good books, do create a mental atmosphere and August, of all times, is favorable to the reading of sea stories. Various kinds of sea stories which tell of as various kinds of people. For, having a rolling ocean, instead of a lawn to roll, doesn't change the fact that human emotions and problems—comedy and tragedy, success or failure, courage, cowardice, loyalties and integrity—are universal.

There is Bess and her Jim of *Shipmates*, by Isabel Hopestill Carter. Bess, who was going to marry David and lead a settled life and bring up her children in decent stability, but who married Jim and went to sea. Jim with his fine seamanship and gallantry, his taciturnity and warmth of understanding and appreciation.

Distinct as individuals and yet working together as partners toward the one goal of the building of a real marriage. If you are as fed up with the triangle novel as I am you will welcome this story of two people who undertook a job and finished it with colors flying.

And the children—the first little boy "who was such a darling, sympathetic baby. If he only had Jim's eyes he'd be perfect." Then William they called "Swabby" because he scoured the decks so thoroughly when he was learning to creep. And Anthony who opened his tired eyes in a dead calm in the China Sea. Sally, who took to swearing like a fish to water, and met a slipper—maternally applied.

Friendships made in port, and renewed years later perhaps, when the two ships happened to meet again. Port—with women to talk to—shops to see. She needed new dresses, Jim needed an overcoat. Each trying to give everything to the other. Laughing over mishaps, enjoying for the most part what Jim called "an inhuman life." Meeting shipwreck and shortage of food supplies and emergency surgery and the bringing up of children as all in the day's work.

"Keep a good heart and a stiff upper lip," Jim counseled in his last letter while Bess waited one voyage on shore. And she, like the real shipmate she was, tried to follow orders.

A book of depth and gayety, of laughter and tears. A satisfying book.

Shipmates is a thoroughly domestic story, in spite of its unconventional background of the sea. But *Lightship*, by Archie Binns, is the story of a man's world. Ten men in the isolated life of a ship anchored near a lonely and dangerous reef in the ocean. You get to know them as you know few people in actual contact. Their pasts lead up to their present and seem to prove the statement that "character is destiny." Mr. Gill, the ponderous old fireman with his calm philosophy. Swedish Ole whose faith in God had been forever lost with the unreasoning death at sea of his boyhood chum and who lived his belief that "The only power for good in the world is in the hearts of people."

Mickey O'Rorke, the Chief Engineer, who with characteristic Irish dash and courage, had saved a drifting ship single handed and lived to tell the tale. Harry, pathetic, frustrated, frightened and yet with a compassion for humanity that led him into a selfless service to the whole crew. The cook who was lonely and brooded over the unattainable lights of shore and the noise and confusion of cities.

Thrown on each other's society for companionship, facing together the dangers of their strange life, bearing and forbearing each other's foibles, looking at last into what seemed the fate of almost inevitable death. Food gone, fuel gone, anchor chains snapped, no help to be had but the unquenchable determination of the men to see it through—whatever "it" might be. And, over them all, was Captain Lindstrom——

"While he was still in the darkness of flying water he was planning how they would chop up the boat spars and chocks and the boats themselves and pass them down the companionway. He didn't know what the lighthouse inspector would say, but it was a nice philosophic thought that a man must burn his boats in order to reach port."

And that, in itself, is something to ponder over!

Some day I should like to start a movement for the suppression of the last half of most books. It is as though the authors had bought enough goods to make a simple sports dress and suddenly decided to make an ensemble with a three-quarter coat—the result is rather scanty. *Mary Peters*, by Mary Ellen Chase, does just that. But the first half is so good, so

beautifully written, so creative of real pictures and character that I still urge it on you.

It covers the fifteen years that the sea spent in laying the foundations of the life and personality of Mary Peters. Fifteen years of an orderly and ordered life against the background of a force so tremendous, so incalculable, so powerful that human acceptance was the only course in harmony with dignity and self respect.

Unforgettable memories of making strange ports in the early dawn and of leaving them in the unreal twilight of evening.

"She learned something of winds too, upon which they were utterly dependent and, as she grew older, the art of being undismayed before them and their indisputable power." She learned a kindly tolerance bred of seeing beyond her own four walls and the streets of her village. An acceptance of people as they were and not as she would have them be. Memories of a fine father, a fine mother, the goodly ship *Elizabeth*—memories as clear at the end as they were at the beginning of her life. A basic steadiness which held firm against the unsteadiness and tragedy of her life ashore and helped Mary Peters to triumph over fate! She had learned from her mother, Sarah Peters, and from her foster mother, the sea, a deep philosophy of the rhythmic quality of pain and happiness, happiness and pain in any life. As her mother once said, and she so often thought, "You'll go on again, too, if you just get your thoughts straight and wait long enough."

I had such a chuckling and hilarious time reading *A High Wind in Jamaica* (Innocent Voyage) by Richard Hughes. I could picture the consternation of the child psychologists and the doting parents. Six children carried off by some assorted pirates—or was it the other way round? The pirates had much the worst of it and the children, for the most part, had a grand holiday. Do read it. You'll be either horrified or delighted. Bon Voyage!

—but have you tried pressed glass?

[*Continued from page 184*]

glass. Use lustrous, gold-colored rayon cloth and serviettes and a centerpiece of calendulas. Or make a gold and black table, using black linen, amber glass, the gold-colored flatware, and the calendula centerpiece.

Now don't be afraid to try new ideas yourself; if you see a glittering almond thumb-print punch bowl which you would prefer using to hold flowers on a library table rather than for its original purpose, why, by all means put it on the library table. Don't be frightened away from your inspirations by those literal-minded folk who exclaim, "But it's a bunch bowl!" Yes. What of it? If a punch bowl appears well on the library table, if you like it there, if it serves some purpose or is merely ornamental, let it stay! Sometimes one historical old piece in an unexpected location can wash off the too-new look of a room, and give it that warm glow of pleasant things remembered which all happy rooms have.

One more word: finding your pieces is half the fun. Poking through antique shops, you'll sight a piece that belongs to a certain blank spot in your home as if made for it. My sad little bear bookends, pictured, are not American—they're Russian, and they're kummel bottles. Or were, till I plucked them off a pushcart. And they're not old enough to deserve that adjective; but they tell me they are not made any more, so it doesn't do harm to be ahead of the crowd if at the same time you add interest to your home.

Trays—their taking ways

[*Continued from page 192*]

about. A tray designed especially for tea things will prevent so much vibrating between kitchen and living room that the conversation is reduced to confusion. Such a tray needs to be generous and as handsome as can be afforded. If there is a hot-water pot over an alcohol lamp or an electric tea kettle one trip to arrange the tray will make only a slight interruption and the tea can be made while you sit in the living room with the guests.

To the tray-minded, many special things will make demands. For the routine of breakfast, when brain waves are at a premium, it is a decided help to find toaster, sugar bowl, cream pitcher, marmalade jar, and percolator awaiting a few final gestures, but ready on their own tray to move *en masse* to the table. Cocktails as well as after-dinner rituals make a well-known claim to trays. And such trays are a delight to select from the fascinating array the shops furnish. The hors d'oeuvre tray, the sandwich tray, and petite trays for sherry service fill in the picture. The humble tray that helps save us from tripping our maidless selves to an early breakdown, now blossoms into an elegant accessory as well—as those shown on page 192 give proof.

I WILL GET $100
a month when I retire at 60
—says a business man
$200 A MONTH FOR
me when I retire at 60
—says a lawyer
$50 A MONTH FOR
life for me when I retire at 60
—says a business woman

HOW TO BE RICH
when you are 60

How would you like a check for $200 every month for the rest of your life starting at 60?

You don't have to have a big bank account to do it. In fact, you don't need any at all. For this Plan is specially fitted for people who have only a salary check to live on and want an easy way to buy themselves a steady income for the future.

It makes no difference if your carefully laid plans for saving have been upset during the past few years.

It makes no difference if you are worth half as much today as you were then. Now, by following a simple, definite Retirement Income Plan, you can arrange to quit work forever fifteen or twenty years from today with a monthly income guaranteed to you for life.

Suppose you are 40 years old and you decide that you want to be able to retire on $200 a month beginning at age 60. Here is what you get:

1. A check for $200 when you reach 60 and a check for $200 every month thereafter as long as you live.

This important benefit is available alone; but if you are insurable, your Plan can also include:

2. A life income for your wife if you die before retirement age.

3. A monthly disability income for yourself if, before age 55, total disability stops your earning power for six months or more.

It sounds too good to be true. But it *is* true. The Plan is guaranteed by an 84-year-old company with over half a billion dollars of insurance in force. If you want to retire some day and are willing to lay aside a portion of your income every month, you can have freedom from money worries. You can have all the joys of recreation or travel when the time comes at which every man wants them most.

The Plan is not limited to men of 40. You may be older or younger. The income is not limited to $200 a month. It can be more or less. And you can retire at any of the following ages: 55, 60, 65, or 70.

How much does it cost? When we know your exact age, when you want to retire, and how much income you will need, we can tell you to a penny. In the long run, the Plan will probably cost nothing. Because, in most cases, every cent and more comes back to you at retirement age.

Write your date of birth in the coupon below and mail it today. You will receive, without cost or obligation, a copy of the interesting illustrated booklet shown at the left. It tells all about the new Phoenix Mutual Plan. Send for your copy now. The coupon is for your convenience.

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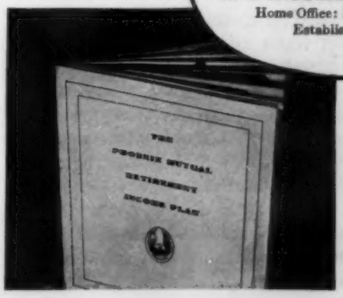

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A new way of living

[*Continued from page 219*]

nifies to the children that they are not wanted.

Irregularly shaped living rooms, such as the one in Figure 6, are typical of the new thinking, with a dining alcove in one corner, a card playing recess in another, and a congenial grouping around the fireplace. The sense of spaciousness which the large living room provides far offsets the smug pride in having a ten-room instead of an eight-room house.

Influenced, no doubt, by the efficiency in planning that marks the apartment houses of the larger cities, there is a gradual lessening of interest in the dining room as a room. There is little logic in the thinking of those who believe it ungracious in a small house to use one corner of the living room for dining. As a matter of fact, there are many experienced hostesses who believe it is an aid to successful entertaining to have the dining area in the living room, since it eliminates the awkward break of moving from one room to another and back again.

The same apartment-house planning efficiency is apparent in the compact grouping of the kitchen units. The space saved by such logical arrangement is frequently converted into informal breakfast nooks, or dinettes, when only the family is present.

Upstairs, with the exception of the provision of terraces and sun decks, there are few major changes. Perhaps the most significant is the fact that architects are at last beginning to appreciate a little better the viewpoint of housewives, who for years have been begging for more closet space, and more closet space. Closets have always been a nuisance to architects; they interfere too often in the smooth working arrangements between rooms. But careful planning can provide both the ample closet space, and the convenient circulation with little waste space.

Among the interesting innovations found in the drawings, but not in sufficient quantity to indicate trends are:

1. The widening of the garage to provide a work bench along one side.
2. The introduction of a dressing room adjacent to the master bedroom.
3. Use of the garage roof as a terrace.
4. Use of movable partitions to open or throw spaces together depending upon the use.
5. Location of the living room on the second floor, when there is no basement, using ground floor for garage, game room, etc.

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Fathers should be heard

[*Continued from page 199*]

and the universe at large. It isn't fair to the mother because in seeing that their personalities have freedom for growth she completely loses sight of the fact that she has one of her own. And it isn't fair to the father who earns the right to be of some value and authority in his own home.

He still has authority I suppose—but just let him try to exert it! He doesn't understand Junior, he isn't up to date in his child psychology, he will warp that boy's sensitive nature, he will create inhibitions and complexes from which he may never recover! Mother is in tears, Junior, being as fond of a good act as anyone, is also in tears. Father says, "Oh, well—handle it yourself" and takes solace from his pipe and a mystery novel.

Yet, these same authorities on child training tell us of the vast importance of a normal home background—meaning by normal a father and a mother who are, presumably, on the job. But, it seems to me, being on the job is more than mere physical presence. It should mean that they are sharing, as near equally as possible, the pleasures and pains of parenthood. Because, of course, both experiences enter into it as they do into any other human relationship. Children aren't angels and many of their natural impulses seem to be quite in the opposite direction—which is also human. But we are letting ourselves get into a state where we think every unsocial thing they do has a deep and sinister significance. Little boys have always enjoyed pulling cats' tails because it required extremely little effort for large and dramatic results. But they were not considered to have sadistic tendencies. Little boys were usually very fond of their mothers and resented their fathers when it meant chores to be done and manners to be observed. That didn't mean that they hated their fathers and were suffering from the Oedipus complex which is one of the favorite bogies of modern child psychology. All these things simply meant that maturity was a long way off and they had to learn, through years of training and a few bumps, that life is not merely a matter of freely expressing your personality. Father helped them learn this necessary fact by acting like a father and not attempting to fit himself to the children. The struggle to provide shoes and clothes and meals three times a day was quite as much of a struggle then as it is now. But it also had its compensation of giving the provider a position of importance.

I remember a story, by Alice Duer Miller, called *Are Parents People?* I wish she would write another one and title it *Is Father a Person?* He could be—a very real person. One who would add interest and richness and balance to a home. For balance means proportion and the equal contributing of all parts—as well as something that will not tip over.

If you don't believe this has gradually come about, in the average home where there are children, go and study the newsstands. You will find complete magazines, many of them, on the subject of the child and the various problems connected with his upbringing. You'll find hardly one article on how to go about perfecting the growth of affection and regard and companionship between the parents of those children. The companionship and affection and understanding which is what they will have to depend upon when the children are scattered to the seven winds of heaven and the "old folks" are left by the fireside.

Then it won't seem so vastly important whether brother and sister ate their good pudding peacefully or otherwise. Their meal hours and right friendships and adjustments and complexes will be things of the past. The mothers' clubs will struggle along someway without you. Only you and your Henry—and a good many years to go. Whether those years are boresome and empty, with a feeling of complete loss without the all absorbing interest and demands of the children, or whether they hold something deeper and finer than you have known before is a gamble.

But far less of a gamble if father, right now, is not put back where children used to be—to be seen and not heard. Not that I would want to see children returned to that unnatural state either. They are far more interesting when they are more human. But I don't believe the process was particularly injurious to their finer natures and abilities after they grew up. The present method of blowing up their already inflated little egos to the bursting point by over attention and over consideration is far more likely to produce lasting and undesirable results. And what must it do to the fathers who feel themselves less and less necessary to anyone in particular—except on the first of the month?

Editor's note: Mrs. Blake appends a personal note that after this is published she will remove to some retired spot until the air clears. Now it cannot be denied that Mrs. Blake writes with feeling, but ye edit. must take some of the responsibility. In a recent discussion with Mrs. Blake, I suggested she write something about making the child fit the home, instead of remaking our homes to fit our children . . . that our children be urged to understand parents—I was a little tired of the eternal sermons delivered to me on understanding my child . . . and it took but half an eye to see just where fathers rate as against the happiness of the "little dears" . . . that child psychology had done much good—and much harm. I am pretty sick of precocious children and visiting in homes that revolve entirely around their every whim. May I plead that both of us are fond mothers, neither particularly noted for hard-heartedness—but both of us sincere in our desires to bring back a normal and happy relationship between parents and children—more common sense and a little less "psychology."

The bathroom

[*Continued from page 208*]

or blue ball fringe, if you like.

The feminine bathroom is a smart idea, and transforms the bath into a dressing room as well. Window curtains can be made with deeply scalloped edges—a solid color chintz lined in a polka dot which turns back to accent the color in your paper would be smart. A dressing table could have a scalloped skirt, made very full like your grandmother's petticoat, and repeat the scheme carried out for the curtains.

A man's bathroom offers intriguing ideas. It should be dignified and masculine, humorous and modern. If white is the secondary accent white towels with monograms or borders in red would be smart.

Everything is still nautical—Americans love the sea from the time they sail their first boats in the bathtub. Today we do not use obvious ships or fish painted on the walls . . . the nautical theme is far more subtle and sophisticated. Halyards and the design of ropes against the sky is the design of one of the new nautical papers.

There are several smart new shower curtains in the sea theme—one of the smartest has a big sail-boat pattern sweeping over the surface. The bathroom curtains may have a swag of heavy cotton rope ending in tassels, or be trimmed in the cotton rope.

Perhaps you have a tropical yen—it's one of the smart new notes both in home decoration and in clothes this year. Here again wallpapers and shower curtains fall into the mood. A cool scheme for this plan would be black and white, with yellow, green or red as the color accent.

Anyway, here's to the new bathroom. May it ever be toujours gai, toujours gai!

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- generous warmth
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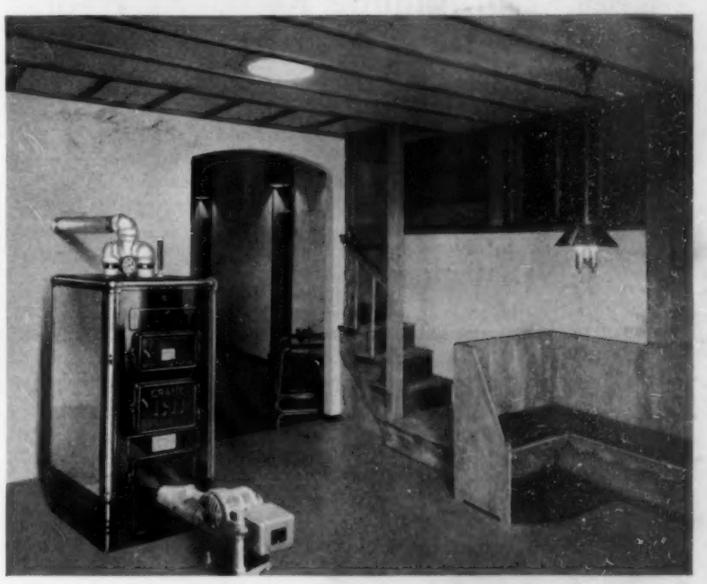

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Peter Klerner Furniture Company

ESTABLISHED 1873

New Albany Indiana

Ultramodern furniture grows sociable

[*Continued from page 191*]

appear to us to be lop-sided and there is a fundamental balance of mass that we insist upon.

Consequently when we saw a table with a set of drawers at one end and at the other nothing but a slender rod for support we could not persuade ourselves that it was firm. When we saw a high chest of drawers on a base that was set in from the edges we expected to see it teeter.

The promulgators of the new style were so eager to get away from tradition that they went too far and offended against the fundamentals that underlie all styles.

Then, too, there was much metal used in conjunction with wood in this first ultramodern furniture and it offended our sense of fitness. We do not object to a certain amount of metal on our wood furniture, for we are used to drawer pulls and hinges. These belong, though, more to the realm of ornament than to that of utility, as they have been employed through the years. When metal was used structurally in combination with wood, we revolted.

Another thing that offended us in the first ultramodern furniture was the use of acute angles and irrational forms such as the setback borrowed from architecture. It is true that many good-looking buildings are built in the step form, but the form itself was dictated by the zoning laws and the resulting beauty is accidental and exists only by reason of the architects' cleverness. We did not want our furniture to look like a building in miniature.

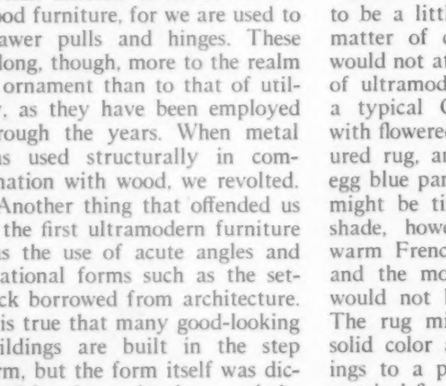
Still another phase of it to which we took exception was the dearth of ornament and the stark treatment of surfaces. Criticism was offered to the effect that it would look far better in a hospital than in a home, and this opinion was warranted.

But, as I have said, things have moved rapidly in the last ten years and the ultramodern now has shaken down into lines which not only do not offend us, but which even will harmonize with pieces of furniture made in the traditional styles, that is to say, furniture which is adapted from the Queen Anne, the Chippendale, the Hepplewhite, and the Sheraton. We may now buy a roomful or part of a roomful of furniture in the ultramodern style and find that it associates pleasantly with the rest of our belongings.

It is true that there may have to be a little compromise in the matter of color and pattern. I would not attempt to put a group of ultramodern furniture against a typical Georgian background with flowered chintz hangings, figured rug, and traditional robin's egg blue paneled walls. The walls might be tinted a more modern shade, however, a beige, or a warm French gray, for instance, and the moldings of the panels would not have to be removed. The rug might give place to a solid color and the chintz hangings to a plain color or a geometrical figure or even to a small floral design. With these changes, the ultramodern would be found quite congenial.

One thing that helps us in our experimenting with ultramodern furniture is the fact that the best

[*Please turn to page 228*]



An example of low-priced ultramodern furniture of good design that is combating the meretricious "borax"

Ultramodern in design but not out of place against any kind of traditional background. Made by Pennsylvania Furniture Company

Right from our own kitchen

THERE has been a great deal of hustle and bustle in The American Home Kitchen this past week. We have been testing recipes for jams, jellies, and grand desserts that can be made from them. The results, with pictures, will be found in the September issue. We're sure you'll like them. We have been kept busy also trying out the many new products on the market so that we may be able to tell you all about them in this and coming issues.

* * *

Muffin Crisps, the Swedish type crispy wheat cracker, are now being made with part of the salt inside and the rest of it on the outside of the cracker. These Muffin Crisps are starch-reduced for weight control. They contain half as much starch and three times more protein than white or whole wheat bread.

* * *

Something to save you time and trouble—a new product called PERK-O-LINERS. Fluted paper cups and filter paper to place in the coffee basket of your percolator. These PERK-O-LINERS hold the coffee grounds intact, and absorb the undesirable bitter particles found in coffee. The coffee is clear and delicious, and the ease of cleaning the coffee basket is almost unbelievable.

* * *

Proper care of fresh peas is essential for fine flavor. Fresh from the vine to the kitchen is always best, because their sugar changes rapidly to starch after the pods are picked. Peas should never be left in the sun, and if they are to be kept overnight, they should be kept cool—in the refrigerator if possible. For shipment they are put in refrigerator cars and covered with crushed ice to keep them cool, "plump" and moist during the journey. Then comes the transfer from car to wholesaler and finally to the retail dealer. The sooner you are able to buy and cook them after they arrive at the market, the better the flavor will be.

Beans, too, are best when fresh from the garden. Very young beans of almost any variety are stringless, and there are kinds, called "stringless," which have no strings until they are quite mature. When buying beans, it is a good idea to snap one or two to see whether they are stringless, and whether the pod is crisp, tender and thick-walled. When these two vegetables are cooked, you want flavor, a tender, delicate texture and natural color. It is also desirable to retain all the food value possible, and there are more kinds of food value in fresh peas and beans than in any other fresh vegetables. They have more protein than any other fresh vegetables, though it is not quite such "efficient" protein as you get in milk, meat, or eggs. They contain calcium, phosphorus, iron, and various other minerals. They are rich in Vitamin B, good sources of Vitamin A, and contain some Vitamin G. Yellow wax beans have these same values, except they do not have as much iron and Vitamin A as the green beans contain.

In other words, peas and beans furnish the necessary building materials for blood, muscle, and bone. They have the vitamins which protect your health, and aid the appetite and general tone of the body. But—the minerals, vitamins, and sugar (peas) are easily lost in cooking. To avoid these losses, peas should be cooked in barely enough water to keep them from scorching, and cooked just long enough to render them tender. Beans need more water than peas because they must cook longer. However, the cooking time may be shortened by cutting the beans in strips. The BEAN-X, a gadget that strings beans and slices them into thin strips in one simple operation, is ideal for this. Do not discard the cooking water. There should be but a little of this left, and you can serve it with the vegetable. If you do not wish to do this, save it for soup, as the food values cooked out of the vegetables are all in this water. To keep the color of green peas and beans (or any other green vegetable), cook in an open pan, no cover, unless you use the waterless cooking utensils. *Do not use soda* —it destroys food values.

* * *

Make tiny eclairs about 1½ inches long. When cool, split in half and fill with anchovy paste, caviar, or a piquant mixture of mashed sardines, for unusual appetizers. Another tasty tidbit is to put pecan halves together with anchovy paste between.—ELSA MANGOLD, Dietitian, American Home Kitchen.

How Roena Rader... Only 14 Years Old

Roena Rader, of Sedalia, Missouri, who at the age of 14 won first prize for her plum and strawberry jellies at the Missouri State Fair, in 1933.

★

THINK of it! Only 14 years old ... Yet her plum and strawberry jellies had such perfect texture, such wonderful flavor, that they won first prize, in competition with the most experienced jelly makers!

More than that . . . Roena made those marvelous prize-winning jellies in only 15 minutes after her juice was prepared! For she used the modern, "short-boil" method, with Certo . . . a method so simple and easy that even a child can make the most perfect jams and jellies!

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And because none of the juice has a chance to boil away, you average half again more glasses than you would by the old, "long-boil" way. With plums and strawberries, for instance, you get 11 glasses of perfect jelly from only 4 cups of juice!

Millions of American women, including State Fair champions all over the country, now use Certo for all their jams and jellies. For they know that it not only saves them time, money and work, but also gives much better jams and jellies. Why don't you try Certo, too . . . Learn for yourself what a wonderful help it really is!

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Ultramodern furniture grows sociable

[*Continued from page 226*]

design is to be found right now in the least expensive class. This is a phenomenon that I believe has never occurred before. It is due partly to the timidity of furniture manufacturers and their doubt as to whether modern as a style is really here to stay, but more to the over-ornamented, badly designed cheap furniture that goes by the trade name "borax," a style that seemed firmly rooted in spite of its hideousness until modern came along.

The low-priced ultramodern was seized upon by dealers as something that might compete with the "borax" and they were right. It did. Its clean, simple lines were a grateful relief from the curves and rococo embellishments that had been thought necessary. Strange to say, a large part of the customers, who ordinarily would have bought "borax" furniture as a matter of course, liked the new style and bought it —usually on the installment plan. The amazed manufacturers were overjoyed because the new style cost less to make than the old.

Now the same simplicity and clean-cut design is beginning to be available in better made lines, and presently it will be available in the "high brackets."

Ultramodern is still a style in the making, and designers are feeling their way. It has got to the point now, however, where it may be bought safely without fear that it will soon seem distasteful, and best of all it has got to the point where it can be mixed with traditional styles.

Cream cheese in guise and disguise

[*Continued from page 210*]

cheese, put in wet mold to harden; unmold on lettuce.

Anchovy Paste—Put several anchovy filets through a sieve and blend with cream cheese to spread.

Sauce—Cream cheese moistened with cool strawberry gelatin or melted jelly.

Whipped Cream Substitute—Thin cream cheese to proper consistency with milk or cream.

Pâté de Fois Gras—Cook one half pound calves' liver or chicken livers in salted water, press through a sieve. Combine with one eighth pound cream cheese. Add a few chopped cooked mushrooms (and truffles) diced smoked tongue, cooked chicken, and pistachio nuts. Place in small pastry shells or in a mold that has been brushed with liquid aspic. Or form in a mound and brush with aspic, which may be mixed with a little cream or whipped cream or cream cheese. If a less firm mixture is liked, add more cheese to the liver and moisten with milk.

Tomato Jelly—Heat one can tomato soup. Add three quarters pound cream cheese, two tablespoonfuls gelatin which has been soaked in one half cupful cold water. Cool, add two tablespoonfuls mayonnaise and one and one half cupfuls mixed chopped celery, green pepper, onion, olives and nuts. Mold in wet mold. Without the chopped vegetables this jelly may be used to coat molds of salad. Plain cream cheese may also be used for masking salads.

Frozen Cheese—Mix a glass of jelly (bar-le-duc preferably) with one three-ounce package cream cheese and moisten with cream. Pack in mold and freeze in ice and salt for three hours, or in refrigerator tray. Serve with crackers.

Pastry—Mix two and one half packages (three-ounce size) cream cheese and one half cupful shortening. Add two cupfuls flour sifted with one half teaspoonful salt. Cover in refrigerator overnight. Roll out for tarts.

Dumplings—Mix one pound cottage or cream cheese, one tablespoonful sugar, two eggs, one tablespoonful milk and flour to form. Make small balls and boil in salted water twenty minutes. Drain and pour over them browned butter, cinnamon and sugar.

Fish Sauce—Thin cream cheese with horseradish. Recipe No. 2: Cream together one package cream cheese, one egg yolk, one tablespoonful butter and juice of one half lemon for mock hollandaise.

Fondant — One tablespoonful cream cheese, add confectioners' sugar to mold. Two tablespoonfuls cocoa may be used in the mixture for chocolate candies. Use about one pound sugar, add a few drops of milk to bind. May be used as cake filling also. Any flavor may be added, also cocoanut, nuts, etc.

Ham Mousse—Dissolve one package cherry gelatin with one cupful hot water. Add one three-ounce package cream cheese diluted with one half cupful milk and one cupful ground cooked ham. Mold in wet form; chill, and unmold.

Herring Salad—Chop marinated herring and mix with cream cheese to form a paste. Shape like a fish and decorate with pimiento and pickle. Tuna may be used instead or with herring.

Layer Pie—Bake five rounds of pastry on backs of pie tins. Prick before baking. Put together as

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layer cake with cream cheese filling. One filling may be mixed with nuts, another with jam, chocolate, etc.

PANCAKES—Make small pancakes, spread with cream cheese, roll up and serve.

PINWHEELS—Cut bread in slices the length of the loaf, trim, spread a slice with cream cheese moistened with milk. Place thin strips of green pepper and pimiento across at intervals, roll bread tightly like jelly roll and wrap in wet napkin. Chill and cut in slices.

POT AU CRÈME—Moisten cream cheese with chocolate syrup and fill in little earthen pots and chill.

WITH POTATOES—Moisten cream cheese with milk, pour over hot new boiled potatoes—sprinkle with chopped parsley.

ROSE—Form cream cheese into shape of an egg on a doily. With wet teaspoon start at base and gently draw down a row of petals. Continue to top-decorate with fresh leaves. Same may be done with butter.

ROSES—Work one tablespoonful of butter into a three-ounce package of cream cheese and chill. With a paring knife shave off petals of the mixture and put five or six together to form a rose. Cheese may be colored pink with a little red sugar. Garnish with a leaf, or make a cheese leaf same as petal, using green coloring. Use as decoration on salad.

"Here is all I've counted splendid"

[*Continued from page 179*]

Eddie went on writing poems, but now there was a new tenderness underlying the humor. The little home was hallowed by a sacred memory. The shining threads that are spun from sorrow gleamed in the homespun.

But the bereft mother had no such balm for her grief. She laid empty arms on the empty crib, and wondered if they adopted a child would it help fill the vast emptiness of their small flat? So they adopted a little girl, three years old and homeless. Merry Marjorie brought joy to that sorrowful home, laughter to rout its silence, running feet, bright chatter. They showered her with love. She was their own little daughter, and in after years, even their closest friends had no suspicion that she was not their own flesh and blood.

And now it was his Marjorie who inspired some of Eddie's best poems. Column readers saw her in her new bonnet; heard her lisp her prayers; watched her spurn the grand new Christmas doll for her old rag baby. Many of them had a baby daughter in their own homes. They looked at her with a deepening understanding, seeing her through Eddie's devoted eyes.

Soon there were strange, exciting happenings in the home of Eddie's brother Harry, a printer. He was up in the attic setting Eddie's first book of poems. By hand, and a few pages at a time; for he could only afford one case of type. A plain, unpretentious little affair, "Home Rhymes—Done into a Book by Harry R. Guest, in the Year Nineteen Hundred and Nine, at Detroit."

Eight hundred copies were printed of that first book, and Eddie worried about how they could possibly sell such an immense number. Today a first edition of a new Guest book is considered conservative at fifty thousand copies.

Exciting things were happening in the little flat, too. It was proving too small for a peppy little girl. What they needed, they decided, was a home of their own with a yard for her to romp in, a garden to dig in.

Mrs. Guest finally found the ideal place—but the cost! Oh, of course, it was out of the question. *Forty-two hundred dollars!* Eddie's appalled glance left his wife's disappointed face, to meet the blue, blithe eyes of Marjorie, fun-filled, eager for life.

He had been married four years —expensive years. There was no more money now than there was then. But he again set forth to find it. And surely the good fairy of that coveted new house must have rushed out to meet him—to thrust her wand into his hand, and beg him to wave it hard! For he was told he could have the dream house for a down payment of five hundred dollars, and the balance in monthly rent. Eddie hadn't so much as a spare fifty. . . . This time a shrewd and kindly banker, who admired Eddie's reverence for home and passion for honesty, was the friend indeed. He willingly lent Eddie the five hundred dollars, and the dream house was theirs!

Oh, the joy that came to them in that first home of their own, the peace, contentment, sunshine, and success. It was there the baby son was born to them—that rascally boy, Bud, who grew up in the column from colic to college!

It was there Fame came slipping around the corner to size up this young poet, not yet thirty, who had had the nerve to follow up that attic-made first book with a second collection of his poems, all on his own lone shoestring, and then a third. . . . And —actually!—had made enough money on the third to pay off all his debts.

After those three self-published books, he could have sold his fourth to a bevy of publishers. It was finally secured by Reilly &

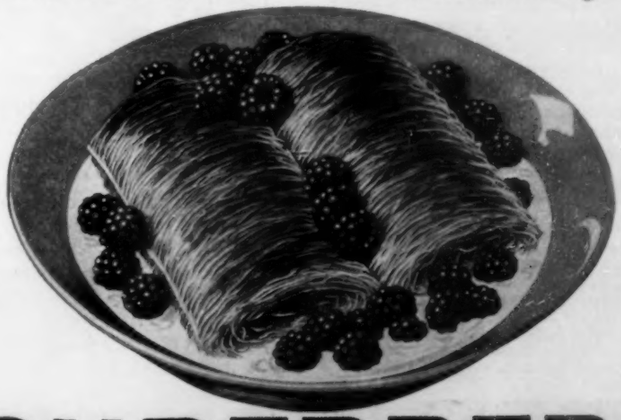
. . . I'll admit that Old Doctor Sun is our favorite health builder. But he can't complete the job without his first assistant—a well-balanced diet. *Vigorous bodies demand wholesome foods. And if you could peep in at our breakfast table you'd see that Shredded Wheat had won all honors for starting the day off right."*

* * *

This young mother, with her happy family of sun bathers, is sweeping away all clouds for a clear road to abundant health.

Each beaming face is a bright reflection of the powers of Nature. And Shredded Wheat, you know, is *whole wheat—Mother Nature's own most perfect grain.* The choicest of those tiny, golden nuggets are selected for steam cooking—then formed into slender strands and baked in biscuit form. Each delicious Shredded Wheat Biscuit contains a natural balance of the vital health elements that promote general well-being.

Try crisp, nut-brown Shredded Wheat tomorrow morning.



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Lee Co., of Chicago. Then came the question of a suitable title. Frantic wires flew back and forth. "You name it," at last said a desperate Eddie. But they weren't any better at writing titles than he was. Christmas was coming and their idea was to get the new book out in time for the people who did their shopping early. Stalled for a little thing like a title! Surely he could think—"No," rebelled Eddie, "I'm going home——"

Home! Ah, an idea at last! That poem he'd called *Home*—"I don't see why," said Eddie brightly, "we don't call it *A Heap o' Livin'?* People like that poem, *Home*, a lot——"

So, *A Heap o' Livin'* it was. Published in 1916, its sensational success was one of those miracles that baffle publishers. Ten years after publication, it was still a best-seller, although a quarter of a million copies had already been sold. And its name poem, "It Takes a Heap o' Livin' to Make a House a Home," continues to hold its own against all newcomers.

To this day, when Eddie steps on the lecture platform, voices from the audience demand it. Radio statistics show that none other touches it for fan requests.

But it was tulips, not titles that kept the Guest family guessing in the Leicester Court home of their dreams, where Eddie had taken up gardening, bringing the joy of growing things into his own life and the column's. Some of his most philosophical, and also his tenderest and funniest poems are about gardens.

"If it's thrills of joy you wish for, get to work and plant a garden," he exults. If it's the thrill of battle you crave, you'll find it fighting the foes that beset your plants. If you yearn for color and pageantry, peonies, petunias, and roses can parade your green swath:

If it's fellowship you sigh for,
learn the fellowship of daisies.
You will come to know your
neighbor by the blossoms
that he raises.
If you'd get away from boredom,
and find new delights to look
for,
Learn the joy of budding pansies
which you've kept a special
nook for.

Finally, sums up Eddie, if you dread dying, plant a garden, and lose all fear, in the parable of Nature, the miracle of spring.

Amateur gardeners, of soot-grimed window box or fair and smiling acres, chuckled alike over his garden woes and weeds. Didn't they all have 'em? They grinned in quick sympathy when he threw all the stubborn yellow clay from his garden into the alley, only to have a professional tell him that he had had "the stuff for roses, but had thrown it all away."

And even the most superficial found that after reading his *Package of Seeds*, they couldn't buy even a ten-cent bulb without recalling the line, "You have purchased a miracle here for a dime."

While thousands of garden clubs relieved their musty academic programs with Eddie's fragrant creed:

I believe in friendship, and I believe in trees,
And I believe in hollyhocks a-swaying in the breeze,
And I believe in robins, and roses, white and red,
And rippling brooks and rivers and blue skies overhead;
And I believe in laughter and I believe in love,
And I believe the daffodils believe in God above.

A dream house, a garden! Marjorie had led them to joy untold. "If ever a couple have found real happiness," wrote Eddie, "we found it under the roof of that Leicester Court house."

Then, for her sake, they sold it! Left it, with all the rich associations, the dear memories. Eddie wanted to take away with him every finger mark, every hammer dent, the step where Marjorie had skinned her knee, the wallpaper where Bud had scrawled those pencil marks. "I'd treasured them for years," grieved Eddie. "They were the first he ever wrote."

But Marjorie's life was at stake. How they had battled back the black shadow of death! For over three months, they had fought him off while Marjorie wasted with typhoid fever. All there was in that home then, says Eddie, was Marjorie's room. Then mercifully the fever broke and the wan, weary child, a shadow of her active, roguish little self, began her slow convalescence. They dared to be happy again.

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But not for long. That summer it was scarlet fever they fought. Bud was sent away to the country and his dad banished from the house. He could only see Marjorie and Mother now from outside the window.

He poured it all out in *Homesick*, and in homes all over the land there were silent fathers who kept anxious watch with "the dad beside the gateway of the home he can't go in."

They conquered scarlet fever, only to find a worse foe attacking the child's weakened system—tuberculosis. Was there any chance to save the little life so precious to them?

A home in the country! That's what they must have. Where Marjorie could live in the open, sleep on a big sun-drenched, wind-swept porch. With heavy hearts they began searching for it, and finally found a noble residence, set down beside a golf fairway, over which the air swept, clean and sweet, and full of healing for sick lungs. It had distinction, the restrained elegance of some stately-pillared mansion of the Virginia hills. But, what meant more to them, it had great porches of sunny spaciousness, and inviting grounds, where an exploring wheelchair could softly roll when Marjorie got better. And birds and breezes and buttercups to make her laugh again.

But its price! The unscalable mountain of the enormous down payment required! Seventy-five hundred dollars, the rest to be covered by a mortgage. Where could they get the money? Where find the securities?

And again, Eddie had a friend—"rich but generous." He went to this friend with his burden of grief—this poet-father who had lifted the load of thousands—and the rich man surely laid up treasure in heaven that day; for he handed Eddie a check for the full amount, "with not a scratch of paper between them."

So into the lovely home they now occupy, the Guest family moved. And here Janet, now a laughing, lively little girl of twelve, was born.

Eddie was soon singing songs about "Marjorie's new home," weaving iridescent dreams into the fabric of the curtains; seeing the Spirit of Peace waiting on the threshold to welcome him to a new hearth where burned the old love; mellowing unweathered walls with his magic touch of tenderness, whimsical humor, and gentle laughter.

But, alas, their long, heartbreaking fight to save Marjorie's life was doomed to failure, and one balmy day, when the air was full of birds and butterflies and promise, Marjorie slipped away.

The little girl who had danced into their grief-darkened lives, and brought them from tiny flat to palatial mansion, had gone on. Perhaps to build another home for them wherever heaven is.

Home and family, friends and a garden . . . all that Eddie counted splendid! He never sought success, he tells you; it just happened along. How did he become famous? By simply being himself.

One marvels at the way it worked. An international name; a dozen or more books to his credit; his work in over two hundred newspapers; his voice on Victrola records, radio, lecture platforms; Hollywood beckoning—all just for being himself! He has been forty years with his beloved paper, and hopes, he says, to be there until Death writes "30" after his last line of copy.

The old office is now more than ever his second home, and the door between his career and home even more widely opened, with Bud, his son, a reporter on the old sheet, and quite frequently Janet, his daughter, helping his secretary with the files, or down among the presses watching the "funnies" being printed.

And as for Eddie, himself, he is busier than he ever was. He laments that he never has time to get his fill of puttering around the garden or tinkering around the house. But he says:

I'm going to ask the good Lord, when I've climbed the golden stair,
If he'll kindly let me tinker 'round the home we've got up there.

Between dusk and daylight

[*Continued from page 193*]

lattice to lean on or climb on, as practically all kinds grow from five to ten feet high, and are of a leaning or clambering disposition.

If you have unlimited patience you may grow your plant from seed, but it must be at the very least three years old before it blooms, and often older, and unless you are growing all types of Cactus, the slow growth and the attention which it will be necessary to give the plant will cause you to lose interest.

You may also grow your plant from cuttings. These should always be started in the spring or summer, and they should always be cut—never broken from the older plant. The cut surface should be allowed to dry for several days. If the cuttings are planted immediately after they are cut they will rot. Which reminds me, they should be planted in sand, and kept moist (not wet)

Fool-proof Chocolate Frosting

EAGLE BRAND CHOCOLATE FROSTING

2 squares unsweetened chocolate
1⅓ cups (1 can) Eagle Brand Sweetened Condensed Milk
1 tablespoon water

Melt chocolate in double boiler. Add Eagle Brand Sweetened Condensed Milk. Stir over boiling water 5 minutes until it thickens. (Imagine! Takes only 5 minutes to thicken perfectly!) Add water. Cool cake before spreading frosting.

● Only 5 minutes' cooking instead of 15! And it never fails! *Never* too thick nor too thin. Goes on in lovely rich swirls. ● *But remember* . . . *Evaporated Milk* won't—can't—succeed in this recipe. You must use *Sweetened Condensed Milk*. Just remember the name *Eagle Brand*.

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have made a digest of the National Housing Act under Titles II and III and offer a digest giving full details of Titles II and III of the National Housing Act which treats of Mutual Mortgage Insurance (insurance of mortgages on homes already built) an Authorization for formation of National Mortgage Associations which will buy and sell insured Mortgages. Material is set forth in clear question and answer form. This bulletin service is free to our readers. Please enclose a 3c stamp to cover postage. Write The American Home, Garden City, New York.

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Compiled by the Editorial Staff of THE AMERICAN HOME, and reprinted from material appearing in recent issues, these booklets offer you complete, authoritative, and practical information on the subjects treated. The prices quoted include postage.

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During the past year The American Home has published a number of outstanding examples of successful exterior and interior remodeling jobs. These have now been reprinted and are offered as The American Home Book on Remodeling.

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GARDEN CITY - - - - NEW YORK

until they are well rooted. After they are well established they may be transplanted to a permanent location and a richer soil.

The amateur may purchase the grown plants from the Cactus nurseries, and to my way of thinking this is the way to get the most pleasure from them. After you once possess a full-grown and blooming plant, you may experiment as much as you please, plant as many seeds as you like, and as many cuttings. You may have a whole collection of them growing at once, if you want to, but for the quickest pleasure, and to make your night garden the most beautiful in the shortest length of time, get your plants already started and then watch for their flowers, for after all, if you have a Night-blooming Cactus or Night-blooming Cereus, bloom is most certainly what you want.

The Queen Cactus (Phyllocactus latifrons) now known as Epiphyllum oxypetalum, is probably the quickest growing of all the night bloomers. It will bloom when it is much smaller than the Nightblooming Cereus, and for this reason is usually recommended to the amateur gardener. It grows eight to ten feet high, and has very large fragrant white flowers, eight to ten inches in diameter. Most flowers of Night-blooming Cactus and Cereus are funnel shaped, which makes them seem unusually large as they are sometimes as much as ten or twelve inches long. The Queen Cactus grows in the shade and demands a rather wet (though remember—*well drained*) humus soil, that is soil made up of leaf mould (not manure). Blooming in July and August, it is a plant of gorgeous beauty.

The Snake Cactus (Nyctocereus serpentinus) is easy for the beginner to grow satisfactorily. It grows fairly fast, and has pure white fragrant flowers. Its care is much the same as the Queen Cactus, except that it is of a tree-like disposition.

There are many Cereus which bloom in daytime, but we are only interested in those which bloom at night. Perhaps the best-known Night-blooming Cereus is Honolulu Queen Cereus (Hylocereus tricostatus) formerly known as (Hylocereus undatus). This lovely flower has become famous throughout the world because of the wonderful hedge of it which is planted on the grounds of Punahou College in Honolulu.

It was ninety years ago that Mrs. Hiram Bingham, the wife of a missionary in Honolulu, saw perhaps for the first time this very lovely Night-blooming Cereus. She must have considered it a plant of unusual beauty, for she started the famous hedge which is now about half a mile long. It stands six or seven feet high, covering a stone wall, and has been known to have as many as 5,000 lovely fragrant creamy white flowers in bloom in a single night. It blooms during July and August, though flowers have appeared on it as early as May 20 and as late as October 31.

Since Mrs. Bingham planted the hedge almost a hundred years ago, it has become one of the show spots of Honolulu, and each year hundreds of tourists who see it for the first time, turn homeward with a firm resolve to possess for themselves this unusal kind of plant.

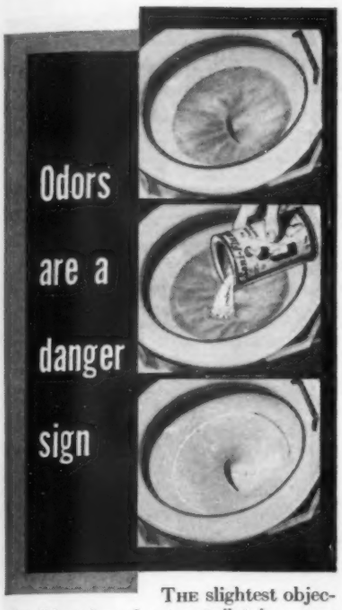
Selenicereus grandiflorus which comes from Jamaica requires the same treatment as the Night-blooming Cactus. It is a vine rather than a tree and the lovely fragrant white flowers open about midnight.

The Queen of the Night (Selenicereus macdonaldae) also has huge white flowers, sometimes twelve inches across, which open at nightfall. It is very easily grown and like its Cactus cousin requires plenty of water during the summer.

Peniocereus greggi grows on the desert sections of Texas, New Mexico and Arizona, and is well known for its enormous root in which it stores up water for its own use. It blooms in June, and unlike the other members of the Night-blooming Cereus and Cactus family, requires a lime soil instead of the richer soil required by those whose native home is the jungle. Also it does not require as much water.

The Cereus peruvianus is interesting in that the flowers grow on the lower part of the stem instead of on the ends. It requires a more sandy soil than the other species.

[*Please turn to page 236*]



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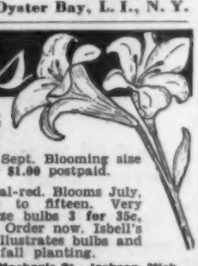
Lilies



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"NO ROOM for CRAB GRASS IN MY BENT LAWN"

Thus writes J. Whyte, Salem, N. J., in his praise of SCOTT'S CREEPING BENT. Mrs. H. H. Quinlan, L. I., says, "Our Bent lawn is the only one like it in this neighborhood. Others in the block were picking crab grass all summer, and envied me as I had none." I. E. Martin, Hasbrouck, N. J., says of his Creeping Bent lawn, "Such a stand of grass is almost unbelievable!" For a beautiful, fast-growing lawn—freedom from weeds—a dense, healthy turf that spreads rapidly—plant SCOTT'S CREEPING BENT. You will be more than pleased with the splendid results. "Bent Lawns" is an interesting little booklet on the subject. Write for your copy. It is free.

FALL IS THE BEST TIME TO PLANT

O. M. SCOTT & SONS COMPANY
3589 Main Street Marysville, Ohio

A peep into the Japanese garden at Clingendael, the residence of the American minister to the Netherlands at The Hague, Hon. Granville Emmet

Garden facts and fancies

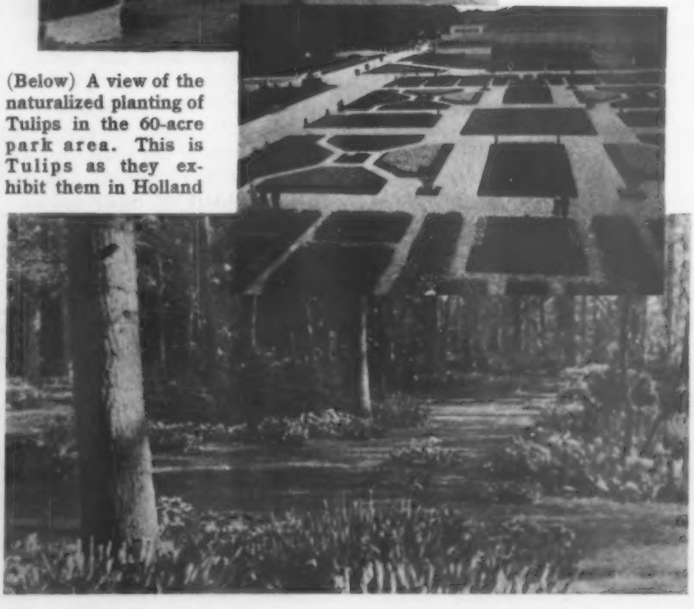
Richard Barrow

HOLLAND in Tulip time is a revelation of magnificent fields of color and every 10 years the great Flora festival near Haarlem in the very center of the bulb production area, draws visitors from afar. This year it was my good fortune to participate in a pilgrimage of the Horticultural Society of New York to the two great European flower shows, the Dutch "Flora" and the English "Chelsea." More about them later. For the present, just a few picture notes caught on the run with my camera.

You can hardly imagine the multitude of Tulips planted in this park-like exhibition ground, the preparations for which started two years before. Privileged to participate in the judging of the Tulips, as recommended by the American jury: Pride of Zwanenberg, Rose; In blue, Darwin, Mrs. Mandel, Insurpassable; Yellow, Darwin, Golden Age; Single late Cottage in Rose, Betsy Ross, Miss Holland; Single late Cottage, White, White City. Of course, there were runners-up but these were the outstanding selections of the visiting jurors from the American standpoint which differs from the Dutch, where more bizarre color is favored.

Knot gardening of box in the gardens of Count Bentinck, Middachten. In Holland this is called the English style of gardening

The great formal Tulip display at the Flora exposition. Millions of bulbs in blended patterns



(Below) A view of the naturalized planting of Tulips in the 60-acre park area. This is Tulips as they exhibit them in Holland

"OUR LAWN is the TALK of the TOWN"

says Mr. Wm. Wiener of Dixon, Ill., in a letter of praise for his SCOTT'S CREEPING BENT lawn. Every day the popularity of SCOTT'S CREEPING BENT is being substantiated by many interesting comments received through the mails. For instance, Mr. Robt. Slagle, Ashland, Ky., writes, "I have one of the finest lawns in our city." Mr. Wm. Dove, New Hyde Park, L. I., says, "Creeping Bent is wonderful. It is thick and soft as a carpet. People admire it and all want to know what kind of grass it is." You, too, can own a beautiful lawn—free from weeds—and in less than six weeks' time by planting SCOTT'S CREEPING BENT—a gorgeous stand of grass which will be the envy of your neighbors. Write for a free copy of "Bent Lawns."

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GARDENERS' CHRONICLE
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Tippecanoe City, Ohio

Violas—jolly elves of the flower kingdom

[*Continued from page 185*]

ready to start right in blooming.

When it comes to varieties, you can almost select your favorite color, shut your eyes and grab, and still be reasonably certain of obtaining something fine.

While all Violas may be used in the rock garden, there are some that just seem to settle themselves naturally in the tiny patches of soil. There is Rosy Gem, compact and dwarf, yet a splendid bloomer, sending out countless blossoms of a lovely deep rose; and violet-blue Admiration which is certainly well named; while the little annual Viola Rafinesque is not at all particular as to diet, sun or shade, and will soon naturalize itself if given half a chance. The flowers are a pale lilac-white with purple markings, but when thickly planted, resemble white drifts at a distance. They begin blooming very early and when only tiny things, but they stretch themselves upward as the season advances, finally becoming about six inches tall.

There are several good pure

Healy

whites, but we are partial to the simple chasteness of White Gem, and the free flowering, tidy looking Avalanche. Sutton Pink Pearl also cuddles in close little tufts to Mother Earth, and the blossoms are a cheery rose-pink. We love Viola bosniaca. Last year the plants wintered beautifully in the lath house and by the first of April, were literally a sea of dancing, rosy faces. This prolific bloom continued well into the summer, giving us many fat seed pods and bringing up a family of wee youngsters in the fertile soil about their feet, while fresher plants were still in bloom along in late November.

Everyone likes the sunny shades, and Yellow Gem with its clear yellow flowers, generous bloom and delicious fragrance, will not prove disappointing, while the blossoms on Primrose Perfection come so thickly that they almost conceal the foliage. This is a lovely primrose shade, and said to come true from seed.

Those who have grown and admired the gorgeous Jersey Gem that created such a sensation when introduced in 1928, and claimed by some experts to be the finest Viola, will enjoy its paler prototype, Lavender Gem. It has the same compactness of habit, continuous profusion of bloom, and wonderful drought resisting powers, but the flowers are an exquisite soft, deep lavender, not unlike those of the charming Maggie Mott.

We have yet to find a Viola of richer coloring in its class than Apricot. This is entirely different from the dainty "Gem" types, for the stems are shorter and the blossoms more on the chubby-faced order with rounded petals and innocent mien, and the color is a deep apricot tinged with orange. This is supposed to come 80 per cent true from seed, but I have seen bowls of them as near alike as peas out of a single pod. Unfortunately for us, the plant is a shy seeder.

Another really striking Viola is Arkwright Ruby. One might easily mistake it for a glorified Pansy, for it is inclined to ruffle a bit like curly hair framing an attractive face, and the ruby-red flowers fairly glow as they greet you. Yellow Perfection, a large flowered type, comes practically 100 per cent true from seed. Lutea Splendens, another good yellow, seems never to know when it's time to take a rest. White Perfection is also on the showy order, and has the reputation of being very hardy. Jersey Jewel is a new one, large flowered and long stemmed and of a deep violet hue. The pinks have their showy beauties too, for there is Rose Queen that glories in its large, upright clumps, and Haslemere, that fine hybrid in lilac-pink that comes almost true from seed.

We love them all, and besides the rock garden, there is the

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perennial border where masses of them are effective always, and for bordering larger beds, they are hard to beat. They shine as a ground cover for unsightly bulb beds, and I have even used the smaller plants with a bursting bud or single elfin blossom in terrariums. They endure the tropical atmosphere for some time before they pine and die. But another can always be transferred to the same place and they are well worth the trouble. Try it and see!

Between dusk and daylight

[*Continued from page 233*]

Cereus jamacaru is a straight, upstanding Cereus which grows twelve to sixteen feet high. The flowers are white and fragrant, and it prefers a lime soil instead of the heavier soil which some of its cousins demand.

Princess of the Night (Selenicereus nycticallus pteranthus) has square stems and not very many spines. It is one of the most common night-bloomers, though perhaps slower growing than some of the others.

Harrisia martinii grows about five feet high with branches from the base which require some sort of support. It likes a lime soil and plenty of sunshine.

Harrisia tortuosa has a great many spines and is of a climbing disposition.

There are any number of other Night-blooming Cactus and Night-blooming Cereus which would interest you, but the amateur who is desiring for the first time to plant a night garden, or possess a lovely night-blooming flower, may plant any of these with the assurance that they will bloom for him and help make his garden a thing of decided beauty.

If you are not anticipating a night garden, then for sheer pleasure of possession, a Night-blooming Cactus or Cereus on your porch or beside it will be well worth your while. You will have something to dream about through the long hot days of summer, and when you look at your lovely flowers which give such beauty and fragrance to the summer night, remember that each flower will bloom for you but once, and will wither never to bloom again. There's something rather sad about it—that the loveliness of each blossom lasts but a night, but they are so very beautiful that you will not only get a great deal of pleasure from anticipating their blooming and looking at them when they open, but will invite your friends in to enjoy them and drink in with you, their beauty while it lasts.

Decorating the walls of the house

[*Continued from page 195*]

Gloire de Versailles, which has lovely blue flowers is often used in England, while Rosemary and the evergreen Garrya from California are both aristocrats for this purpose in Southern states. If space permits even some of the smaller flowering trees may be used: Flowering Crab, Japanese Cherry, Redbud, Laburnum, and Magnolia.

In addition to the adornment of the walls, other advantages present themselves. In the first place, there is the conservation of space, so valuable in city and small suburban gardens having little or no room for a border of flowering trees and shrubs. Secondly, with the protection of the wall we can grow plants which are a little tender for the locality; and in addition, plants trained on a sheltering wall will often bloom several weeks earlier than they otherwise would. I have seen a sheltered corner in Philadelphia covered with blooms of white Jasmine and Wintersweet in January, visitors remarking that it looks like Florida.

There is nothing difficult about all this. Do not be afraid to cut off anything which is not easily attached, for the shrubs grow quickly, and remember to give the plants a good pruning immediately after flowering. The other cultural needs are exactly similar to the ordinary shrub plantings.

It's lawn time!

MAKE the new lawn (or remake the old one) now. From the middle of August until early October are the best weeks of the entire year to get the new grass growing—much better than early spring, the conventional lawn making period.

In late summer the ground is warm, which is the ideal condition for germination of seeds. The good gardener will not scamp the conventional details of lawn making; that is, the digging in of adequate quantities of a good prepared plant food in addition to seeing that there is a proper supply of humus, nature's great sponge that receives the water and holds it against the time that the plant needs it.

Make the seed bed ready in the best way you know how and then sow the best seed that you can buy. Today you get just about what you pay for—no more, no less; but the final word in seed is—avoid cheap low-grade bargain mixtures. Buy only the best.

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